THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1804.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *LAWRENCE STERNE.*

HAVING already presented our readers with the most authentic, and, in general, original memoirs of eminent characters, particularly such as have distinguished themselves in the literary world, no introduction can be deemed necessary for particularising at present a man whose writings are universally admired.

Mr. Sterne was a native of Dublin, having been born in the barracks of that metropolis his father being an Irish officer; but notwithstanding the military life of his parent, he had relatives belonging to the church, his great-grandfather having been an Arch-bishop, and his uncle a Prebendary of the cathedral,

we need not wonder, therefore, that Mr. Sterne, though nurtured among soldiers should become a preacher of the gospel.

After due preparation at school, he spent the usual number of years at Cambridge university, where he distinguished himself more by his singular humour, than by his learning; nevertheless he evinced abilities, though indifferent about displaying them.

Having now entered the church, he obtained a small vicarage at Sutton, in the forest of Galtrees, in Yorkshire, with which he was patiently contented till providence should be pleased to offer him something better. A dispute now took place among some of the superiors of his order, in which a friend of his, a most amiable character, was on the point of being supplanted by a person who filled a lucrative benefice, and not satisfied with enjoying it during his life-time, exerted all his interest to have it entailed upon his wife and son after his decease. The gentleman, who expected the reversion of this living, must undoubtedly have been disappointed by the influence of his adversary had it not been for the satirical pen of Mr. Sterne, who, finding all serious arguments ineffectual, attacked him by a humorous pamphlet entitled "The history of a good warm Watch-Coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can also cut out of it a Petticoat for his Wife, and a pair of Breeches for his Son." Alarmed at this, the would-be-monopolist

proposed that if this sarcastc pamphlet was suppressed, he would resign all his pretensions to the next candidate. This condition having been complied with, the reversion took place, and by the interest of his faithful friend, Mr. Sterne was, as a requital for his services, appointed one of the prependaries of York. At this time (1745) he was possessed of some good livings; he still retained the vicarage of Sutton, and held, as one of the prebends of York, the rectory of Stillington. Thus he lived, a becoming ornament of the church, but his rebellious humour soon subjected him to the censures of the fastidious, who deemed it incompatible with the character of a divine.

His two first volumes of "Tristram Shandy" now made their appearance at York, where they were printed, being offered to many booksellers at a very low price. Having been refused 50l. for the first impression; the unexpected success, however, which attended it, rendered them all eager to purchace the second edition of the copy, which the author sold for 600l. This publication brought our author into great repute, and obtained for him the patronage of the earl of Faulconberg, who presented him with the rectory of Cawood, an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings.

He soon published two volumes of sermons, but having retained the name of Yorick, which he had assumed in his former production, and his reasons for so doing which he gave in his

preface, being treated as proofs of levity, the manner of their introduction was severely condemned, though the discourses themselves were highly applauded. This likewise prevented the publication of the third and fourth volumes of Tristram Shandy from being so eagerly purchased and admired as the former; and as merit too often excites envy, our author had consequently a host of critics to contend with. On the publication of the seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes, the work not being then finished, his humorous digressions were deemed prolixity, and became subjects of complaint. The obscenity which appeared in these volumes were however cleared by his last, and which may be considered his greatest work, "The Sentimental Journey."

Having thus advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates, and notwithstanding the thousands he acquired by his productions, yet the money he expended in travelling, &c. left him as poor, as when he was only the humble vicar of Sutton. That indifference which marked his early days followed him to the grave, as a day or two before his death, he seemed totally regardless of his approaching dissolution. He died March, 22, 1768, and was privately interred in a new burial-ground, belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, at 12 o'clock, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, and no bell tolling! At his death his widow and daughter (an agreeable young lady,

about 16,) who had both resided some years in a convent in France, having separated from Mr. Sterne through some pique, differently accounted for by different parties, finding their pensions must discontinue, returned to England, in order to publish his posthumous works. Being at York during the races, a subscription was set on foot by some of our author's generous admirers, and a purse presented which amply enabled them to support themselves in their recluse manner of life.

As a proof of Mr. Sterne's ready wit, we shall here mention an anecdote recorded by his former biographers.

He was sitting in a coffee-house at York, when a stranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by descanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocrisy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him, what were his sentiments upon the subject; when, instead of answering him directly, he told the witling, that, "his dog was reckoned one of the most "beautiful pointers in the whole county, and "was very good-natured, but that he had an "infernal trick, which destroyed all his good "qualities. He never sees a clergyman," continued Mr. Sterne, "but he immediately "flies at him."—"How long, Sir," replied "the witling, "may he have had that trick?" —"Ever since he was a puppy." The

" young man felt the keenness of the satire, " turned upon his heel, and left Sterne to tri- " umph.

His character, which he has drawn himself, under the name of Yorick we shall here conclude with;——" This is all that ever stag- " gered my faith in regard to Yorick's extrac- " tion, who, by what I can remember of him, " and, by all the accounts I could ever get of " him, seemed not to have had one single drop " of Danish blood in his whole crasis; in nine " hundred years it might possibly have all run " out.—I will not philosophise one moment " with you about it; for, happen how it " would, the fact was this:---That instead of " that cold phlegm, and exact regularity of " sense and humours, you would have looked " for in one so extracted:——he was, on the " contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a " composition,---as heteroclite a creature in " all his declensions, with as much life and " whim, and gaite de cœur about him, as the " kindest climate could have engendered and " put together. With all this sail, poor Yo- " rick carried not one ounce of ballast: he " was utterly unpractised in the world; and, " at the age of twenty-six, knew just about " as well how to steer his course in it, as a romp- " ing unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that, " upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of " his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him " foul, ten times in a day, of somebody's tack- " ling; and as the rave and most slow-paced

" were oftenest in his way,——you may like-
" wise imagine, 'twas with such he gene-
" rally had the ill-luck to get the most
" entangled. For ought I know, their might
" be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bot-
" of such fracas——For, to speak the truth,
" Yorick had an invincible dislike and oposiri-
" on in his nature to gravity:——not to gra-
" vity as such—— --for, where gravity was
" wanted, he would be the most grave and se-
" rious of mortal men for days and weeks toge-
" ther;——but he was an enemy to the affec-
" tation of it, and declared open war against
" it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance,
" or for folly; and then, whenever it fell in
" his way, however sheltered and protected,
" he seldom gave it much quarter.

" Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he
" would say, that gravity was an arrant scoun-
" drel: and he would add--of the most dange-
" rous kind too, because a sly one; and that
" he verily believed, more honest, well-mean-
" ing people were bubbled out of their goods
" and money by it, in one twelvemonth, than
" by pick-pocketing and shoplifting in seven.
" In the naked temper which a merry heart
" discovered, he would say, there was no
" danger—but to itself;—whereas the very
" essence of gravity was design, and conse-
" quently deceit;—it was a taught trick, to
" gain credit of the world for more sense and
" knowledge than a man was worth; and
" that with all his pretensions, it was no bet-

" ter, but often worse, than what a French " wit had long ago defined it, viz.—A myste- " rious carriage of the body, to cover the de- " fects of the mind:—which difinition of gra- " vity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would " say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

" But, in plain truth, he was a man un- " hackneyed and unpractised in the world, " and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish " on every other subject of discourse, where " policy is wont to repress restraint. Yorick " had no impression but one, and that was " what arose from the nature of the deed spo- " ken of, which impression he would usually " translate into plain English, without any " periphrasis,—and too oft without much dis- " tinction of either personage, time or place; " ---so that when mention was made of a piti- " ful or an ungenerous proceeding,—he never " gave himself a moment's time to reflect who " was the hero of the piece—what his station " ---or how far he had power to hurt him " hereafter ;---but, if it was a dirty action, " without more ado, the man was a dirty fel- " low, and so on :——And as his comments " had usually the ill fate to be terminated in " a bon mot, or to be enlivened throughout " with some drollery or humour of expression, " it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a " word, though he never sought, yet, at the " same time, as he seldom shunned occasions " of saying what came uppermost, and with- " out much ceremony, he had but too many

" temptations in life, of scattering his wit and " his humour, his gibbs and his jests, about " him. --- They were not lost for want of ga- " thering."

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 93.

THE CHASE;

BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

THE third book commences with an animated history of the early ages of hunting, and shews how the country was progressively cleared of the more dangerous animals, by rewards for their destruction, and by tribute.

The preparation for the Chase is thus beautifully described:

———Ere yet the morning peeps
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse.
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-coloured hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See; how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth.

As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice
Press to their standard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods; with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below
Tho' high his brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily shine, yet ere the sun declin'd
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd! and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

Dogs out of quantity are thus very properly censured:

Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumbrance: A magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind,
And slyly creeps thro' the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step; then views escap'd,
With inward ecstacy, the panting throng
In their own own footsteps puzzled, foil'd and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen vet'rans, they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

The following address to Windsor Forest is very beautiful.—

The morning sun that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair

As op'ning lilies; on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase array'd?
Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court, and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the heart of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the gen'ral chorus: far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

This book concludes with a well-timed compliment.

Great Prince! from thee what may thy subjects hope,
So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?
O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

SEIZURE OF MOREAU AND PICHEGRU.

WHEN Moreau and Pichegru were first separately confined in the Temple, it was the intention of the Usurper to destroy them privately in the prison; but first it was thought advisable to sound the temper of the people and the army, and it was considered the safer plan to begin with Pichegru. In pursuance of this, a report was circulated, that he had poisoned himself the night before. As this report produced little more than a subject of regret to some, and conversation and suspicion to all, the measure was decidedly adopted, and four Mamalukes were dispatched on the same night, who strangled the general with a stick, in the manner described in the government report.

The murder of Moreau, however, required a greater degree of caution, and the agents of the Government began by spreading a rumour that the General was attacked by a violent and dangerous purging, which was likely to prove fatal to him. This occasioned a very strong sensation amongst the military, and people of all descriptions; but that was not sufficient to put an end to the project, and the next day it was reported that he died of the

complaint in the morning. It was then, indeed, that Government had good reason for alarm. A violent agitation was seen to pervade all the streets and public places; the consternation became general; the soldiers began to assemble and deliberate in arms, and letters were written to communicate the intelligence to the different armies, when the whole was appeased by proclamation being made, that the report of General Moreau's death was false, and that he was still alive, and in good health. While the General and the others were on their trial, the Court was open to all persons who were inclined to resort there; but no person was allowed to take notes, but those professionally engaged in the defence or prosecution; and all who were present expressed their astonishment at the manner in which the account of the proceedings was garbled, mutilated, and distorted in the Moniteur, so as to be directly the reverse of the real state of the facts. Moreau's advocate afterwards annexed a faithful report of the trial, &c. to a life of Moreau, from his leaving college to his imprisonment in the Temple, written by himself. The price fixed upon it was 12 livres; but on the morning appointed for the publication, the eagerness of the people to see it, advanced the price as high as six Louis each impression. All, however, were disappointed; for as soon as the work was ready, the police rushed in, and carried away the whole of the publication and

the manuscript so effectually, that it is not supposed that more than two or three copies could have possibly escaped them.

During the process of the General's trial, Madame Moreau secretly formed the resolution of appealing to the mercy of the Usurper, and with that design repaired to the Thuilleries, where they waited for three or four hours in the anti-chamber, without being able to gain any access to the Tyrant. At last having caught the eye of the Empress, the latter asked what was the purport of her visit? Madame Moreau replied, "That she meant to implore the mercy of his Majesty in favour of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, and for whose life she trembled, though she knew him to be innocent; and that she hoped his Majesty could not but be touched by the entreaties of a fond wife, who had already borne the General one infant, and was pregnant with another." The Empress regretted her inability to second her application, as she was convinced that any step that could be taken would tend more to irritate than to appease his Majesty. General Moreau was shocked when he heard of this application, and declared, "that there was nothing in all these circumstances which grieved him so much, as that his wife could have so mean an opinion of him, as to suppose that he would condescend to owe his life to so vile a tyrant.' It is, therefore, totally false, that the General wrote that crying letter to Bona-

parte, which appeared in the French papers; so far from it, as soon as it was shewn him, he wrote a direct contradiction to the libel, but could not find a printer in France who would dare to print it for him. General Moreau never wrote any letter to Bonaparte on the subject but one, which was after his sentence, to the best recollection of our informant, who read it in the manuscript before it was sent off:

"You are very well convinced that I am esteemed and beloved by the French people and the armies, because my conduct through life has uniformly deserved it of them. With that conviction on your mind, tyrant as you are, you know you dare not openly destroy me, because you dread the vengeance that would be taken for my blood. You also know, that, while I live in France, whether in prison or out of it, I shall ever be to you an object of terror and suspicion, and, perhaps, sometimes the occasion of discontents and disturbances. Therefore, if it relieve you equally from apprehension on my account, and answer your purpose of getting rid of me as well as my imprisonment would do, I am desirous of retiring to America, to reside there in future, on my wife's property. The orders you may give will be sufficient to inform me of your answer."

This was the only application made by Moreau himself, and though it was complied

with by the Corsican, who was glad to get him away at any rate, yet it is feared that this seeming clemency will be no more than a short respite for the brave and illustrious victim of his tyrant suspicions; for ever since he quitted the Temple, he is constantly subject to violent vomitings, strainings, and various other complaints in his stomach, which are supposed to be occasioned by some slow poison administered to him towards the close of his confinement, which, should it turn out to be incurable, must render the few days he has to number extremely miserable.

While the celebrated and gallant Georges was on his trial, the Public Accuser asked him, "What have you done with the portraits you had of the late king and queen?" The other, looking at him for a moment, with a strong expression of the utmost contempt, abhorrence, and indignation, exclaimed—*Villain (Scelerat)* what have you done with the *originals*? This public accuser was a fellow of the name of Thuriet, who had been very active and instrumental in promoting the murder of the king, and was one of the judges or jury on the trial of the queen and the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth. By the Parisians, whose opinions have of late taken a very different turn from what they had in the year 1793, he is better known by the name of *Tue Roi (King Killer)*.—Georges then poured a volley of curses and execrations on them all, praying that they may themselves meet with

the same miserable end they inflicted upon others, and be forwarded to their destination in hell sooner than they expected. After this, he listened to the remainder of the proceedings with the same indifference and *sang froid* with which he met his fate, in a manner which created a respect for him, even in the minds of those who were adverse to his principles and to his conduct.

The following are copies of letters which passed between the Chief Judge Regnier and Madame Moreau :—

The Chief Judge and Minister of the Police to M. Victor Moreau.

Paris, June 21.

" In allowing you, Sir, the liberty to retire to the United States of America, as you have requested, it is the intention of his Majesty, the Emperor, that you are not to return to France without having first obtained an express permission for that purpose.

" M. Henry, who will deliver you this letter, has instructions to bring me back an answer from you, conformable to the intentions of his Majesty.

(Signed) " REGNIER."

" SIR,

Barcelona, July 7.

" My husband being too much indisposed to be capable of writing, desires me to inform your Excellency, that M. Henry has deliver-

ed your letter to him. I must add, that it was myself only, who requested that his Majesty would allow us to quit our country, and that my husband did nothing more than to submit to the determination which had been taken respecting him; but he was far from expecting that the duration of his exile was to be indefinite.

"As our return to France is made to depend upon the Emperor's pleasure alone, I am in hopes that it will be much sooner than I had reason to expect, &c."

CRITICAL REVIEW

OF THE STYLE OF THE ELDER REINAGLE,

BY MR. W. CAREY.

THAT England had not produced any artists of a higher class than good portrait-painters, is a remark made by foreigners, and admitted, until lately, by our best informed English writers. Whatever merits have been allowed to Sir James Thornhill, it is certain that Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first decided exception in our favour. In his Infant Hercules, in his Count Ugolino, and in many other historical subjects, the President of the British School displayed a grandeur of conception, enlarged combinations of science, and powers of execution of the first class.

Mortimer, his lamented contemporary, giving way to enthusiasm, began by imitating, and soon equalled Salvator Rosa in the representation of soldiers, banditti, fishermen, and ideal rustics. If it must be owned that the Neapolitan artist was superior in the savage geandeur of his scenery, and in the force and harmony of his colouring, it is as undeniable that Mortimer far surpassed him in knowledge of the human figure and in dignity of composition. As historical pictures, King John granting Magna Charta, and the Battle of Agincourt, are superior to any general compositions by Salvator. An early death snatched this able artist from the career of honour, at a time when his fine taste was so necessary for the instruction of others; and when every classic mind contemplated with surprise and hope, the rapid expansion of his extraordinary powers. At the same period, Gainsborough, in the delineation of English scenery, rustics, and domestic animals; and Wilson, in the composition of grand landscapes, rose into the highest estimation. Their works exhibit very vigorous original powers. They possess a truth of nature and a greatness of style, by which they maintain a distinguished rank in collections of paintings by the most celebrated masters. Nor is this assertion founded on national partiality. It is well known that the performances of these two eminent men are as estimable in the eyes of foreign as of British amateurs.

If, in the lapse of nearly half a century, only four great names have survived to rescue the British school from the imputation of coldness and mediocrity, in fancy subjects and the highest orders of composition, it was not owing to any defect in the genius of the people. The smallness of the number was occasioned by the continual rage for portraits. This rage, for a length of time, confined the public encouragement almost wholly to the latter branch of the arts. So long as our young artists meet with only a few to understand, and still fewer to encourage their attempts in the composition of fancy or historical subjects, we must not be surprised if they continue to be deterred from what they consider a desperate pursuit. Very few will have the hardihood to persevere in a study which requires a union of great talents with long and severe practice, and which affords no better prospect than a life of difficulties and disappointments, of merit without honour, and labour without reward.

It is true that a Lock, a Boydell, an Angerstein, with others of our nobility and gentry, do honour to themselves and to their country, by their munificent patronage of every class of artists. But a limited number of individuals, however ample their fortunes, can effect but little towards removing the discouragement which operates against the professor in almost every other branch of the art but that of portrait-painting. Women of every

age, and men of every rank, are eager to multiply their own resemblances, as a means of celebrity and of personal compliment to themselves. A pure taste, capable of appreciating the talents and rewarding the performances of a painter in the higher species of composition, is very rarely to be met with. On the contrary, that vanity from which the emolument of a portrait-painter springs, is not confined to any state of society, or religious persuasion. It is a self-love which lurks in the breast of almost every individual, and is to be met with every where.

Among the few living British artists, who have ventured to give the reins to their fancy, West, Copley, Morland, the ELDER REINAGLE, Westall, Turner, Singleton, and Kerr Porter, are particularly distinguished by the public favour. Our students must reap powerful advantages from the example of so many able artists. It is also but reasonable to conclude, that a classic taste will be more generally diffused in this country, by the number of capital productions of the great Italian masters, recently introduced from the continent. Through the co-operation of these causes we may hope that the British school will be enabled to maintain, in its turn, an enviable superiority over the rival artists of the foreign schools.

The ELDER REINAGLE, whose style is the subject of this essay, is an instance of persevering enterprise and successful talents.

Undeterred by the discouragement of the times, he has happily employed his pencil upon an extensive variety of subjects. He has studied with attention the works of the best old masters. The most impartial judges have long pointed him out as a fortunate example of a modern, who knows how to combine in his performances a number of the graces which are admired in the works of his celebrated predecessors.

In the choice of his sites, and the breaking of his grounds, REINAGLE occasionally pleases the eye with an elevation of prospect, worthy of Gaspar Poussin, or of Grimaldi Bolognese. He also frequently presents the soft and charming scenery of an open country. It resembles those fields of Campania, in which the placid spirit of Claude delighted to wander, enjoying, by foretaste, the immortality of his labours. But if the British artist gratifies the purity of his taste by a selection of Italian forms, his colouring is wholly that of this country. It is the verdure of English nature, chastened by accidental effects of light and shadow, mellowed and contrasted by the seasons. It is bright without being gaudy, rich yet sober, and it displays the most perfect union with a greater variety of tint and depth of tone, than are usually to be met with in the works of a modern master.

His landscapes prove him to possess, what Sir Joshua Reynolds has termed, a "painter's eye," capable of selecting beautiful parts of

nature, and of combining them with masterly effect. In his choice of subjects he is unconfined. His pencil now represents flocks and herds, with their attendants driving them to or from pasture, by the light of the rising or the setting sun. Again we behold upon his canvass, a mill, a cottage, or a hamlet, and their vicinities, embellished with a few interesting rustic figures, introduced with propriety, and graced with the happiest facilities of design and execution. His mountain-scenery is frequently accompanied with peculiar circumstances of solemnity and grandeur. Solitude, with perhaps a traveller, sinking behind a distant hill, or resting upon the foreground; the broad and powerful shadow of evening, rendered more impressive by the sweeping forms and chill aspect of a louring sky; the low tone of his lights, and the repose of his local colours, all unite to give a reality of effect to the prospect, which is heightened by the strength and charming delicacy of his pencil. If we were to chuse a specimen of his abilities in landscape, it is supposed, that in subjects of this latter kind, his genius unfolds itself with superior felicity. It may not be venturing too much to predict, that his pictures of this class, however highly they are now valued, will, hereafter, be as eagerly sought after, as the best landscapes of the Flemish school.

His knowledge of domestic animals is the result of accurate observation. He has made

himself master of the character and actions of the different species. His horses, cows, and sheep, are truly of an English breed. They are not the mannered representations of the schools, exhibiting an insipid sameness of form and attitude in a succession of pictures. This is a fault common to many able artists, who prefer stealing from others and repeating from themselves, to the trouble of inventing anew. It is peculiarly exemplified in the works of a justly celebrated painter of the present day. The correct judgment of REINAGLE has prevented him from falling into this error. His compositions are agreeably diversified. His objects are well grouped and pleasingly contrasted. There is a picturesque simplicity in his dispositions, which is perfectly original. He appears to be sensible that talents alone are not sufficient without zealous application. The number of his performances, and the care with which they are finished, prove the extent of his assiduity. There is seldom any part neglected in his pictures. Every thing receives its due attention. His pencil is sweet and flowing, firm and light. Even in his most elaborate performances, he has the happy art of preserving an air of freedom and sprightliness of touch, which is so essential a charm in the eye of all critical judges.

His paintings of wild animals, and beasts of prey, have very superior merit. He is careful to give something more than that sort of

tame, faithful portrait, so generally used *to identify the external form of a species, in a work of natural history.* It must be confessed, that many of these latter publications rather furnish an appearance of the skin of the dead animal stuffed than of the living animal, in the spirited exercise of its peculiar functions. The features of violence cannot be very well exhibited in a state of quietude. It is true that the false taste of a patron may misdirect an artist, but whenever REINAGLE is left to his own judgment, his pictures rarely want animation. His animals are usually called forth to a manifestation of their powers by some characteristic incident or exertion. The fox is either breaking from the cry of the hounds, or seizing upon the poultry. The wolf, the tiger, or the lion, are engaged with the hunters, or springing upon their prey. The scenery is equally appropriate and striking. The darkness of the cavern, of the thicket, or the forest, serves to give a more fiery glance to the eye-balls of their inhabitants, and a more vivid brilliancy to their contrasted hues.

The versatility of his powers has been displayed with distinguished success upon fish, fowls, and game of every kind, alive and dead. In the silvery gleam of the scales of fish, in the reflections upon their bodies; in the feathers of birds, and the fur and hair of animals, his touch and colouring are equally felicitous and deceptive.

REINAGLE has, in compliance with the prevailing rage, painted portraits. He does not aim at any thing very striking in his dispositions or effects. His great object appears to be resemblance. In this he scarcely ever fails. His attitudes are unaffected. His colouring is not remarkable for brilliancy; it is varied according to the age and complexion of his subject; and the great truth of nature and traits of individuality, which mark his likenesses, give them a high degree of value in the domestic circles for which they are painted.

Tenier, and Giordano, possessed the power of imitating the style of different great Italians. REINAGLE also is distinguished by an uncommon facility of imitating the styles of the best old Flemish masters. I have seen pictures so admirably painted by this excellent artist, in imitation of the style of Ruysdael, Hobbema, Weeninx, Cuyp, Van Goyen, Berghem, and others, as to pass upon amateurs of no mean skill as original pictures, by the several masters here mentioned.

His brush has been lately employed in the completion of a set of paintings, of the various kind of dogs, to the amount of twenty-four, (for the SPORTSMAN'S CABINET) in which he has had life for every particular object, accompanied by appropriate scenery, which are so successfully executed, as to rival any thing of the kind ever brought before the public.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the trouble of transcribing a few passages from Mr. Amphlet's poem of "Invasion," with a few remarks which, if you deem worthy of giving a place in your Miscellany, you will oblige, among several others of your readers,

Your humble servant,

R——

Birmingham.

THE PRESENT warfare among reviewers is not only of the most serious consequence to literature in general, but peculiarly so to young authors, who have become mere banes of contention; for immediately any new work is announced, if it be approved from one quarter, it supposes certain censure from another; so that neither the writer nor reader can form any estimate of its merits, even from the labours of those who are appointed as the medium of recommendation to the public. Reading the opinions of the "Monthly" and "Critical" Reviews of the above work, which were published on the same month, I was at a loss to account what could occasion such a strange, and, as it were, studied an opposition of sentiment in two of our principal literary journals. The "Monthly" makes it out to be a *tame* and *languid* production; versifying, which they call, not the

art of sinking, but sinking without art! The "Critical" says there are few works that can enter into competition with it—that the author possesses both *strength* and *sweetness*; and that they see no reason why it may not be read with pleasure, when his (the author's) bones and theirs are mouldered into dust! I shall occasionally select a few passages as I take a brief view of these books.

At a meeting of the French legislature on the topic of invasion, we are informed that—

Danger and death in ev'ry sentence broke;
Distraction in a thousand voices spoke;
Glow'd on each phrase as diff'rent members rose!
Open'd each speech and rounded in its close.

The opening of the consul's speech seems to verify this assertion:

The die is cast! and England is no more;
She trembles from her centre to her shore;
Her flag that hurl'd defiance o'er the seas
Waves its last honors to the idle breeze.
In peace profound her former hirelings lie,
Or with resentment round our standards fly;
Alone she stands, her vassal lines to form,
Nor dreams of foul defeat, nor heeds the storm
Ill-fated pow'r! by blind ambition led,
To dare the threaten'd thunder o'er her head.
Your flag, once planted on her boasted shore,
Her empire ceases and her reign is o'er;
Still in her mem'ry do no actions rise—
Marengo's feats, yet dazzling in her eyes;
And alpine deeds by beardless youths attain'd,
Distinguish'd as the heights that saw them gain'd;

And will she still in bold contempt of right,
Unheeding dare us to th' unequal fight!

The author describes the war as being popular, which it doubtless was at its commencement.

WAR is the word that sounds from ev'ry part,
Glows on the tongue but flutters in the heart;
Each fopling on young Cupid's wars intent,
Thickens his rouge and talks of a descent.

French clubs are described, where

—War they make and mighty kings dethrone,
UPHELD BY RAGE AND SPIRITS NOT THEIR OWN.
Woe to Britannia when she fears the hit,
Of foolscap fighting and Parisian wit;
Her sons, unrivall'd as her tow'ring oaks,
Regard alike their cannon and their jokes!

Here follows a picture of night, French dreams, &c. &c.

Sleep to their heated brains her respite throws,
From drowsy day-dreams to disturb'd repose.

In the morning we are informed that—

Each Gaul who revell'd in th' illusive fight,
With doubtful courage gazes on the light;
And as new rays upon his visions beam,
E'en shakes with fear at what he dar'd to dream!

After this follows a flaming proclamation to the French people, enforcing inducement in every possible shape, which closes with the following impressive lines:

Her fleets, that long at France defiance hurl'd,
SHALL BEAR YOU BACK THE MONARCHS OF THE WORLD!

We have then an ingenious comparison between this country at the present crisis, and France at the commencement of the late war. After describing the result of the confederacy against France, our author proceeds to rouse his countrymen to imitate them, and concludes the first book with some energetic lines that will induce the reader perhaps to wish to know something more of the poem.

O! who that's cheer'd by Reason's radiant beam,
Did e'er of Gauls and subjugation dream?
Yield our lov'd native isle, and beauty's charms,
To fell misrule and servile Frenchmen's arms?
Bow to a realm of fops in valour's field!
To mere politeness and pomatum yield?
Yes! when fell slaughter thro' our ranks has hewn,
And our lov'd fields with bleeding heroes strewn;
When, faithful to their soil, our bones remain,
Rot in the sea or whiten on the plain;
And nought awaits the victor's eye to cheer,
But hills of crimson hue and vallies drear;
One joyless waste that mute to heav'n complains,
Where silence wrapt in gloom for ever reigns;
Then may proud France her hateful banner rear,
And, unresisted, wield the sceptre here;
Tell to the weeping world her ruffian crew,
Had slain the heroes they could not subdue!

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

SIR,

MEETING with the following singular, and well-drawn sketch of an *Assize Day*, which occurs twice a year in every county-town throughout *Great Britain*. I have transcribed it for your miscellany— it is taken from an anonimous publication.

I remain, Sir,
Your's,
J. EVANS.

Islington, Nov. 18, 1804.

ASSIZE DAY.

HAVING lately been at a country town, during the *Assize Week*, I cannot avoid making certain observations which naturally occurred to a by-stander. Perhaps some of my readers will agree that the bustle of an assize-town at this season, may not be unentertaining to a reflecting mind. Observe, I do not mean to include the prisoners, or other parties interested. The trumpet sounds three times, as the boys at play say—One to begin —two, to make ready—three, and away!

Apropos—an odd story here obtrudes itself, and as the celebrated Sterne said, though with much better reason; and by the bye, it

may may be still the better, because he said it and is since dead---" My pen governs me---I govern not it."

Well! now for the story---Once upon a time (as all old stories begin, or should begin,) there was a judge upon his circuit, who invited the gentlemen of the long-robe, to an assize-dinner; upon recollection I believe the high sheriff gave the dinner, however, that is not material, you know. After the cloth was removed, the bottle passed briskly round the table, and almost every one said, or attempted to say something smart on the occasion. A junior counsel, who had never spoken in public before; seeming uneasy to exhibit in turn, or as the lawyers would say, to make an *incipitur*, asked the Judge if his lordship had seen the wonderful *Rinoceras* which was in town? His lordship answered, without the least hesitation, " No, sir, as we both travel with trumpets, I believe we stand upon ceremony---the ceremony of---who shall make the first visit." Whether there was any room for the young Barrister to rejoin or not, leaving my judicious readers to determine, I proceed :---The trumpets sound in the High-street, the ladies in full-dress flock to the windows to see, I mean rather to be seen; for *certes* there is very little to see; and the sheriff bows politely as he passes. At this instant, a man with most earnest countenance, demanded of me if the last trumpet sounded? My answer was, " I hope in God not, sir, for

I am by no means prepared." "Nor I," exclaimed a well-known attorney, who stood on my left hand; a third person on my right, declared he was doubtful, whether my lord, the barristers, nay, the whole court, were not in the same predicament.

I soon lost my companion, and having been hustled into the channel, was forced along by the current into a place called a Hall; scarce big enough to contain with any degree of convenience, half the company. His lordship bows, and seats himself between four-and twenty ladies, all on a row, underneath were four-and-twenty black gowns, all on a row. They brought to mind the old song of *Four-and-twenty Fidlers, &c.* But no matter for that, on second consideration, I believe there were above thirty barristers, many of whom I was informed, had never spoken; and many more who were never likely to speak, that is to say, to the purpose---I mean in character, for the business seemed to be confined to five or six.

Now began one general confusion--Counsel opening, without being heard, attornies complaining without effect, and plaintiffs murmuring at the interruption without redress; while his lordship and the cryer were calling out for silence! At length the emblem of Babel-building ceased—the counsel gravely declared, that he had not read a word in his brief yet, proceeded very deliberately to inform the jury of what he was himself professedly ignorant, the

court smiled, and the clients grinned most horribly; but here let me make a pause. Laughter begone! let me at least attempt to do justice to the presiding officer of justice, who perceived each cause of action almost intuitively—who made amends for the negligence and ignorance of some, and detected the knavery of others, who, though he might sometimes smile, was unwearied in discovering the real jut of the case, and by his close reasoning often gave satisfaction to the losing parties. As an instance, one of the defendants having lost his cause, declared in my hearing, he thought the verdict under the opinion of the judge, to be extremely right, and requested his attorney to let him know forthwith what were the damages and the costs, which he was ready to pay, having only wished for the opinion of the best *referee* in the universe, indeed he was pleased to add with particular emphasis in matters of *meum* and *tuum*.

Tired with ridiculous squabbles about sheep-trespassing where no grass grew---about contemptible slanders between parties who never had any character to lose---and endless litigations about titles, where no title had ever existed. I departed from this court, called it seems the *Nisi-Prius* side, regretting that amicable arbitrations were not more frequent, and that the time of the judge and jury should be so much mispent, about matters of little or no consequence.

Indeed my departure was hastened by the sound of other trumpets in the street. At first I thought of the wonderful *Rinoceras*, but soon found the *crown-side* were going to sit, and that crowds were gathered about certain *fallen beings*, once as innocent as any of the spectators. Here I was hurt to see *idle curiosity* get the better of *innate humanity*—the *pride of human nature* rising superior by comparison, and not having falling in the way of temptation, not disposed to make charitable allowances for the frailties of others. Wrong education, pressing necessity, strong passions, and painful temptations, or even a natural depravity, thought I, should render these miserable fellow-creatures objects of commiseration, at least in some degree. The feeling heart is agitated with sympathy, the sight of distress is shocking to the compassionate eye; and to the humane ears the clanking of chains can be no music. Gracious God! *forgive us our trespasses, suffer us not to fall into temptation; let those who think they stand take heed lest they fall!*

THE LATE
LORD VISCOUNT DUNCAN.

FROM the commencement of the late war, to the period which terminated the honourable life of this distinguished officer, the public have been in possession of the general outlines of those brilliant services which, under his Lordship's auspices, so gloriously exalted the British flag. When great men elevate themselves in the ranks of society, by devoting their abilities to the service of their country, the collateral circumstances of such splendid actions become objects of curious enquiry. Lord Duncan's uniform conduct was meritorious; as a commander, he was universally admired for courage and professional knowledge; and his humane regard for the interest of seamen still lives in the memory of the brave tars who so long weathered rude gales with him in the North Seas. It is to that service the following anecdote relates: it will at once shew the gallant mind and ardent wish of the noble admiral to fight the enemies of his country.

After remaining at his station off the Texel in the Venerable, with two frigates, during the mutiny, and keeping the Dutch fleet from putting to sea by his excellent manœuvres, he was at last relieved from the painful situation in which the degrading behaviour of British seamen had placed him, by the arrival of a

squadron from Spithead: the tars of which had returned to a sense of duty; and, desirous of obliterating their past conduct, were anxious to meet the enemy, that they might by courage and subordination make atonement to their country. With this reinforcement, composed of the Prince, Formidable, Sans Pareil, Cæsar, Triumph, Russell, and two other ships, the gallant admiral was enabled to meet the Dutch fleet, which by the bye, had only been deterred from coming out, by the ignorance of our real force; he consequently felt no uneasiness at the event of their movements, and was only anxious to bring them to action. Mynheer, however, proceeded with caution, and used every stratagem to gain information of the state of the British squadron, and the disposition of the seamen, before he formed a resolution of getting under way. Various were the means used to accomplish their designs, and amongst others the following:—

A schooner came out of the Texel one morning, when the squadron were standing in for the land, with a flag of truce at her mast head. She had been sent out as a spy, and her crew were Dutch officers, disguised in sailors' jackets and trowsers. Having approached the advanced ships, she was examined by the Triumph, and by that ship conducted to the admiral on board the Venerable. The person who appeared to be the skipper of the schooner, complained that an

English brig had, a few days previous, struck on a sand-bank to the eastward of the Texel, in consquence she made a signal for a pilot, and was assisted by one who went on board, and after having got her off, the captain of the brig ungenerously refused to send him ashore again, but carried him to sea. This was the subject of their application, and satisfaction was required by having the pilot sent on shore, as the detention of him might operate against any humane assistance which British vessels might in future require, when stranded or driven on the Dutch coast.

The admiral having attended to the nature of their request, very politely conducted them into the stern gallery of the Venerable, where, well knowing their only object was to inspect the squadron, he presented his spy-glass to the skipper, and by an interpreter desired him to examine the Formidable, observing, "She is a three-decker, mounting 98 guns; she carries 700 men, and if your admiral requires satisfaction, she will give it him." He then described the rates of the other heavy ships in the squadron, and having in a facetious manner given a variety of information, ordered the Dutchmen into their schooner, giving them to understand that the Dutch admiral might rely upon receiving satisfaction, if he would bring out his fleet and demand it.

The schooner's crew, however, conceiving they were at liberty to make what further observations they pleased, dropped anchor se-

veral leagues from the Texel Island, in order to watch the motions of the English squadron: they did not, however, remain long with impunity in that situation, for the noble admiral sent an officer on board to acquaint them, that if they did not immediately hoist up their anchor, and return to the Texel, he would hang them up at their yard-arm as spies; this threat had the desired effect, the Dutchmen went in, and, no doubt, imparted unwelcome intelligence, namely, that the noble admiral was ready to meet them; his men were subordinate, that dissatisfaction had ceased, and they had nothing to expect from the squadron but the courage and intrepidity they had been accustomed to dread, and which in the moments of glory distinguished British seamen.

Numberless are the instances of the greatness of his lordship's mind, the whole of which cannot add additional lustre to a character established on the basis of honour and benevolence.

His memory is revered by all who knew him, and the Sons of the Ocean, who oft experienced his humanity, will remember him as long as they live.

THE ABBEY OF ST. DENIS.

(FROM KOTSEBUE'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.)

"SHOULD you like to see where Rousseau lived?" I was one day asked by Madame Recamier. "Should I? Can this

be questioned?" —"Then call upon me early to-morrow morning, and I will take you to the spot." With a Parisian Lady, one o'clock in the afternoon is an early hour of rising, but this day the Graces had paid an earlier visit to Madame Recamier's toilet, and by eleven we were in her carriage. We proceeded rapidly, and soon reached a small town. It was St. Denis. "Have you ever seen the ruins of the Abbey? the tombs of our former kings?"—"I have not."—"Then let us alight for a moment. I have often passed this way myself, but never yet gratified my curiosity."

We took the way to the Abbey. What a grand spectacle! These walks, a thousand years old, no longer protected by a roof, seem to say to the heavens, "We need no cover to bid defiance to your storms." These columns have for twelve centuries borne some expansive arches with as much ease as Mount Ætna sustains the clouds. Between them on the outside stand the mutilated images of saints, beheaded by the Vandals.

Here we found an aged Swiss, who had served forty years in this Abbey, and had seen it during the last years of its splendid existence. He wanders about the precincts as the ghost of some noble ancestor is supposed to haunt his ruined castle, which in his days appeared to bid defiance to the ravages of time. This man was a complete register of every thing formerly contained in these spacious vaults. He stopped us at every step, saying,

"Here was the monument of a queen." At every hole, into which he cautioned us not to fall, he named some king, or hero, who had been deposited in it. We followed him down a light flight of steps into a dark subterraneous passage, on both sides of which still projected the blocks of stone on which the coffins were formerly placed.

In this gloom, where only a distant light sheds its dim rays, the old man, with a voice as if it proceeded from another world, exclaimed, "Here lay Louis XIV. and there Turenne; here Louis XIII. and there Bertrand du Guesclin;" and having proceeded almost the whole length of the narrow passage, in which the ambition of thirty kings found sufficient room, he stood still; folding his hands, and hanging down his head, he said, with a faultering voice, "This bench bore the coffin of Henry the Fourth!"

This mournful silence, seconded by ours, both did honour to the place, and left us at liberty for a few minutes to indulge in a melancholy sensation, which each endeavoured to suppress. This silence the old man interrupted: for there was still something that oppressed his heart, which he wished to unbosom to us: it was, that he was present when the coffin of Henry IV. was opened; that his corpse was in perfect preservation, with its celebrated resemblance; that at this sight the most resolute ruffians by whom it was surrounded, and even Robespierre himself, were

seized with a sudden and involuntary awe; that several of them softly approached, and stole some hairs from Henry's beard, which they afterwards wore in rings as precious reliques.

"But what became of all those corpses?" Robespierre ordered them to be burned, except that of Turenne. "And were they actually burned?" Here the old man made a pause, but discovering that I was a foreigner, and seeing my fair companion so deeply affected, he was inspired with confidence, and acknowledged that he had not burned the bones, but had buried them in the dead of the night, about one hundred yards from the Abbey. We requested him to conduct us to the spot, and he complied.

Leaving the long dark vault, we entered a light subterraneous chapel, where several statues of saints, as large as life, still remained. The Swiss pointed out to us the Virgin Mary, which, by some strange coincidence, bears such a striking likeness to the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, that every person who ever saw her must admit that no portrait could be a more perfect resemblance.

Upon leaving the Abbey he conducted us, conformably to his promise, to a little grass plot, about one hundred yards off, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it. Here, in a space which I could cover with my extended arms, were, deposited under my feet, the bones of more than forty kings, queens,

princes, and heroes. What had agitated, convulsed, tormented, or blessed the world for a series of ages, now occupied a spot just large enough for a child to throw its doll about!

I asked the Swiss if all the bones were mixed together. "Yes," said he, "I had no time to separate them, but dug a hole as quickly as possible, and threw them all in together. The only one that I should know again, is Henry the Fourth; whose remains I threw in first, so that they lie quite at the bottom."

I suppose that this fact may be known to several in Paris; but as many, perhaps scores of years, may elapse before the time shall return, when a virtuous Frenchman durst loudly wish to rescue the bones of the good Henry from a degraded oblivion, I will consign my information to these pages; and should the old Swiss die, together with all those who may know the spot, yet as long as I live, the place cannot be lost, for never shall I forget it.

MEMOIRS
Of the late
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(Continued from page 131.)

ON his return to Wimbledon, he was flattered by an offer from the Duke of Grafton, then at the head of the treasury, of the place of Interpreter for Eastern languages: but, although the acceptance of it might not

have interfered with his other pursuits, or engagements, he declined it politely, but without hesitation, earnestly requesting that it be conferred upon Mirza, whose character he wrote. This disinterested solicitation was unnoticed; and his disappointment made him regret his ignorance of the world, in not accepting the proffered office, under a resolution to consign the entire emoluments of it to his Syrian friend.

During his summer residence at Wimbledon, he formed an acquaintance to which he owed the future happiness of his life. He there saw, for the first time, Anna Maria, the eldest daughter of Dr. Shipley, then Dean of Winchester: but whatever impressions her person and conversation made upon the heart of Mr. Jones, *his fixed ideas of an honourable independence*, and a determined resolution never to owe his fortune to a wife, or her kindred, excluded all ideas of a matrimonial connection. In different circumstances he might perhaps have then solicited an alliance, which he afterwards courted and obtained.

The family of Lord Spencer removed late in Autumn to London; and Mr. Jones, with his usual avidity to acquire the accomplishments of a gentleman, as well as those of a scholar, privately arranged a plan with Gallini, who attended the younger part of the family, for receiving instructions from him in dancing; at the same time he continued his morning attendance, without intermission, at the two

schools of Angelo, with whose manners he was extremely pleased. Before he left London, he had an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of learning the use of the broad-sword, from an old pensioner at Chelsea, who had been active, as his scars proved, in many engagements, and whose narrative propensity frequently amused him.

The acquisition of his new accomplishment, by Gallini's assistance, had been made with secrecy; and the display of it enabled him to participate with much satisfaction, in the evening amusements at Althorpe, where he passed the winter with his pupil. But his greatest delight was furnished by an excellent library, in which he found intellectual treasures of the highest value in his estimation; scarcely a single book escaped his inspection; and some of the most rare he perused with indefatigable application. It was at this period, in the twenty-first year of his age, that he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Louth's Prelections at Oxford, on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews.

The summer of 1767, opened a new scene to him: the indisposition of Lord Spencer rendered a journey to Spa adviseable for the restoration of his health, and Mr. Jones attended the family: but his residence on the Continent was too short to gratify his curiosity. At Spa he remained only three weeks, part of which he dedicated to the lessons of of Janson, of Aix-la-Chapelle, a most incom-

parable dancing-master, and part to the acquisition of the German language, in which he so far succeeded, as to be able to read Gesner with delight, assisted only by an excellent German Grammar and Dictionary: the pronunciation he had formerly learnt from a fellow collegian, who had passed some years at Brunswick. He would gladly have availed himself of the instruction of a German master, but none was to be found at Spa, and his finances were unequal to the expense of procuring that assistance from Aix-la-Chapelle. Notwithstanding these occupations, he found leisure to participate in all the amusements of the place.

In the winter of 1767, Mr. Jones resided with his pupil at Althorpe: the attention of Lord Spencer's family was then much occupied in the contested election at Northampton; but as he had neither inclination nor inducement to take any part in it, he confined himself chiefly to the library, which never failed to supply him with increased sources of entertainment and improvement. His excursions into the regions of literature were unlimited, and as his application was directed with his usual perseverance, he nearly completed his Commentaries, transcribed an Arabic manuscript on Egypt and the Nile, borrowed from Dr. Russel, and copied the keys of the Chinese language, which he wished to learn.

The close of this year is marked with an

occurrence, which probably had a material influence on the determination of his future pursuits. From a motive of mere curiosity, he was prompted to peruse the little treatise of Fortescue, in praise of the laws of England; and, although he was more diverted with the simplicity of the Latin stile, than attracted by the subject, he felt so much interest in the work, as to study it with considerable attention. In the course of the reflections which it excited, he was naturally led to a comparison of the laws of England with those of other countries, and he marked with delight their uncontroverted claim to superiority over the laws of every other state, ancient or modern. Of this fact he acknowledged that he had never before entertained an idea. He was now qualified to appreciate with more accuracy, the merits and defects of the republican system of Greece and Rome, for which he had adopted a strong partiality, natural to an enthusiastic admirer of the orators and poets of those celebrated nations; and to examine their jurisprudence by a standard of comparison, which impressed his mind with a decided reverence for the institutions of his own country. He was not, however, regardless of the deviations in practice from the theoretical perfection of the constitution in the contested election, of which he was an unwilling spectator.

From Althorpe he removed in the spring of 1768, to Wimbledon, where he received a proposal from Mr. Sutton, then Under Secre-

tary to the Duke of Grafton, the account of which I shall relate nearly in his own words.

The King of Denmark, then upon a visit to this country, had brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he was desirous of having translated in England. The Secretary of State, with whom the Danish minister had conversed upon the subject, sent the volume to Mr. Jones, requesting him to give a literal translation of it in the French language; but he wholly declined the task, alledging for his excuse, the dryness of the subject, the difficulty of the style, and chiefly his want both of leisure and ability, to enter upon an undertaking so fruitless and laborious. He mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom he was not then acquainted, but who had distinguished himself by the translation of a Persian history, and some popular tales from the Persic, as capable of gratifying the wishes of his Danish Majesty. Major Dow, the writer alluded to, excused himself on account of his numerous engagements, and the application to Mr. Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance would be of no small advantage to him, at his entrance into life, that it would procure him some mark of distinction, which would be pleasing to him, and, above all, it would be a reflection upon this country, if the king should be obliged to carry the manuscript into France. Incited by these motives, and principally the last, unwilling to be thought

churlish or morose, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish Majesty, who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to him, if he had been directed to finish it in Latin; for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious, and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain to perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleasant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's office, that it was expected with great impatience by the court of Denmark. The translation was not, however, published until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen, one of them, bound with uncommon elegance, for the king himself, and the others as presents to his courtiers.

Such were the circumstances which induced him (as he modestly observed) against his inclinations, to describe the life of a conqueror; and to appear in public as an author, before a maturity of judgment had made him see the danger of the step. If (to quote his own words) he had reflected on the little solid

glory which a man reaps from acquiring a name in literature, on the jealousy and envy which attend such an acquisition, on the distant reserve which a writer is sure to meet with from the generality of mankind, and on the obstruction which a contemplative habit gives to our hopes of being distinguished in active life; if all, or any of these reflections had occurred to him, he would not have been tempted by any consideration to enter upon so invidious and thankless a career. *But*, as Tully says, *he would have considered before he embarked, the nature and extent of his voyage; now, since the sails are spread, the vessel must take its course.*

What marks of distinction he received, or what fruits he reaped from his labours, he thought it would ill become him to mention at the head of a work, in which he professed to be the historian of others, and not of himself; but to repel the false assertions which appeared in an advertisement on this subject in the public papers, containing a most unjust reflection on the King of Denmark, he considered it a duty imposed upon him, by the laws of justice and gratitude, to print at the beginning of his translation, the honourable testimony of regard which his Majesty, Christian VII. sent publicly to London, a few months after the receipt of the work, together with the letter of thanks which he returned for so signal a token of his favour. From these documents, it appears that his Danish Majesty sent to

him a diploma, constituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommending him, in the strongest terms, to the favour and benevolence of his own sovereign.

To the history of Nadir Shah, he added a Treatise on Oriental Poetry, in the language of the translation; and I may venture to assert, that Mr. Jones was the only person in England at that time, capable of producing a work, which required a critical knowledge of two foreign languages, one of which was scarcely known in Europe. Indeed, when we consider the accuracy of the translation, which has been acknowledged by the most competent judges, the extreme difficulty attending a literal version of Oriental imagery and idioms, the errors common to all manuscripts, which he had no means of amending by the collation of different copies, and the elegance and correctness of his French style, we cannot but express our astonishment at the perfection of his performance, and the rapidity with which it was completed. The annexed treatise on Oriental poetry is instructive and elegant, interesting from its novelty, and entertaining from its subject and variety, and exhibits the combined powers of taste and erudition. This work was executed by a young man in his twenty-third year; and the motives which induced him to undertake it, had an equal influence on his exertions to render it as perfect as possible.

In detailing the circumstances attending the

first publication of Mr. Jones, I have carried the narative to its conclusion with some anticipation of the order of time. Part of the summer of 1768 he passed at Tunbridge, where his private studies formed his chief occupation, and the winter of that year, in London. He availed himself of the opportunity, which his situation there afforded, of beginning to learn music; and having made choice of the Welch harp, for which he had a national partiality, he received lessons from Evans, as long as he remained in town; but, as he was then ignorant of the theory of music, the mere practice, without a knowledge of the principles of the art, gave him little delight. I know not that he ever afterwards resumed the practice of the harp, nor is it to be regretted that he employed the time, which must have been dedicated to the attainment of any degree of perfection on this instrument, in more important pursuits.

In the summer of this year, Lord Althorpe was settled at Harrow, and Mr. Jones, who accompanied him there, had the satisfaction of seeing himself restored to the society of Dr. Sumner. Their enthusiasm for literature was equal: the master contemplated with delight unmixed with envy, a rival of his own erudition in his scholar, who acknowledged with gratitude his obligations to his preceptor. Their intercourse although interrupted, had never been discontinued; and Mr. Jones seldom suffered any considerable time to elapse

without visiting Harrow. During his residence there at this period, he transcribed a Persian Grammar, which he had three years before composed, for the use of a school-fellow who had been destined for India, but had since relinquished that object for a commission in the army.

I find also from his correspondence, that he had begun a Dictionary of the Persian Language, in which the principal words were illustrated from the most celebrated authors of the East: but he expressed at the same time his determination not to continue the work, unless the India Company would purchase it at a considerable expence.

The serious reader has probably remarked, that amidst the attention of Mr. Jones to general literature, religion has not been mentioned as an object of his study, and he may be solicitous to know his opinions on this important subject, and whether he had made any, and what progress in that knowledge, in comparison of which all erudition is trifling, and human science vain. Notwithstanding the anxiety of Mrs. Jones for the improvement of her son, and her indefatigable exertions to promote it in his early years, she had initiated him no further in the principles of our holy faith, than to teach him the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed. During his residence at Harrow, at the earnest recommendation of Dr. Glasse, whose name I mention with reverence, Mr. Jones was induced to peruse a

work, intitled, "Private Thoughts on Religion," by Bishop Beveridge, with considerable attention; and he was particularly struck with a passage, in which the pious author argues, that a profession of christianity merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid enquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith, than the Mahommedans have for theirs. The observation readily suggested to his recollection a famous couplet in Zayre, which he did not hesitate to apply to himself:

J'eusse eté prés du Gange, esclave des faux dieux,
Chretiénne dans Paris, Musselmane en ces lieux.

I wish for my own satisfaction, as well as that of my reader, that I were able to pronounce what impression the perusal of this work made upon the mind of Mr. Jones. It is probable, and the presumption is not advanced without reason, that it induced him to reflect with more seriousness than he had ever before entertained on the subject of religion, and to investigate the grounds on which the Old and New Testament, had been received during so many ages, as the Word of God. It is evident however, from a conversation with two of his clerical friends at Harrow at this time, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, that his belief of christianity was not unmixed with doubts. These doubts were stated by him in hopes of attaining a solution of them, but being disappointed, he

declared his determination to peruse the whole of the Scriptures in the original uninterruptedly, that he might be enabled to form a correct judgment of the connection between the two parts, and of their evidence, both internal and external. The exposition of his doubts to those whom he thought qualified to solve them, was a proof of his anxiety to know the truth; and the determination which he formed in consequence of his disappointment, is no less a proof of his sincerity in the search of it.

(To be continued.)

MISERIES OF A RETIRED LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE advantages of retirement having been expatiated upon by many writers on moral topics, who very justly argue, that it becomes a rational creature to devote some time to meditation upon past actions, of which he is to give an account, and to prepare for leaving a world to which he is no more to return. All this is very easily comprehended; and the many other fine arguments in favour of retirement made a great impression upon me at one time. I should have been very happy, indeed, to have confirmed them by my own experience, had it not been for one little circumstance of considerable moment in order to settle the question, namely, that after a long trial I have found retirement impracticable.

In former days I was a tradesman in the city of London, and for many years carried on business with increasing prosperity. I may say, indeed, that every thing succeeded which I undertook; while others around me were driven by distress and disappointed speculations, by paper credit and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I stood firm, and, upon 'Change, was universally reported to be a *good man*. From this character you are not to wonder if I very rapidly passed into that of a warm man; and, in truth, having realized several thousand pounds, and advancing, at the same time, toward the down-hill of life, I began to be captivated by the beautiful descriptions presented to me of the happiness of retirement.—Having few relations to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obstacles; I parted with my business, upon easy terms, to two industrious and faithful servants, who had lived some years with me, and deserved every return I could make, and having purchased a small freehold in the west of England, I bade an everlasting adieu to the bustle and noise, the smoke and confusion, of a vast and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unnecessary to give you a particular description of my country residence, suffice it to say, that it was situated in a most pleasant vale, and possessed all those advantages which are so pompously, and often falsely, trumpeted forth by the auctioneers. Here I felt myself as light as a bird that had

escaped the confinement of its cage. Here I expected to enjoy the blissful transition from society to solitude, from care to ease, from vexation to tranquillity. But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks before I discovered that something very essential was wanting to fill up the measure of my happiness: something which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; in one word, I wanted something to do. In the midst of retirement my mind struggled for employment, and dragged me back to those days when I knew not the misery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleasing anxieties or profitable engagements. Here were no employment, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no sales to attend, no custom-house business to be done, no attendance upon 'Change, no books to post, invoices to send, or bills to negociate. These had been the employment of my former life; and deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. "It was very singular," you will say, "that all this never occurred to me before." Yet nothing is more certain, than that no such idea ever entered my head, till I had leisure to look my situation in the face, and contemplate myself as a solitary, helpless, and useless being.

It was now suggested to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what had happened to others. Gentlemen

who retire are no longer to think of business; they are to partake of such sports and pleasures as the country affords, and lay up a stock of good health and spirits, prepare a vigorous old age, and bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I listened to it with conviction; I entered with spirit into the views of my neighbours; but I soon found that the sports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with a very bad grace by a mere man of London business, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyish days, an industrious plodder behind the counter and the desk; it could not, consequently, be very easy to transform one of my habits into a man of pleasure and a keen sportsman. The first lessons I took were miserably unsuccessful, and attended by consequences more of a painful than pleasurable nature: my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a dislocation of the shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks; and, in my first attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my shoulder again by the recoil of my piece. These violent amusements, in short, were not suited to my taste or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my safety to be followed longer. Fishing, therefore was recommended as a more safe and secure diversion; and I was soon instructed in all the mysteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exercise, here I

had too little, and had very nearly fallen into the river fast asleep; when I gave up this pursuit also.

It now came into my head, especially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an aversion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early liking and disliking; but I had always found so much employment in business apparently, and perhaps really, more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newspaper, with an occasional peep into the London Directory, or the Red Book; and such a chain of reasoning, or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obstacle being now removed, I flattered myself that I should be able to increase the advantages of retirement, by storing my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fishing, and fowling, all was new and untrodden ground. When I had completed my library, I discovered that my bookseller had not, and indeed could not, send me what I most wanted, a taste and habit of reading. My sleepy fits came on again; and there are few of the eminent writers of the present day (whatever they may think of their genius) whom I have not honoured with the approbation of a *nod*.

One resource was yet left. I now began to think that company would serve to divert me, and kill the heavy hours: for that purpose

I cultivated the acquaintance of an extensive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope my manners, which were at least inoffensive, procured me an early introduction into many agreeable families. But here, too, I was doomed to experience the misfortune of having gone through life with one stock of ideas, and that a very small one, "of no use to any person but the owner." The conversation of my friends turned upon subjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newspaper came in, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not last long; my stock of politics was the smallest of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a fresh supply. During the greater part of my visits, I was condemned to hear long debates on subjects foreign to my understanding. The state of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes; were often discussed with great warmth, and at great length; but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole parish who understood any thing about nainsooks and bandannoes, soosayes and taffeties, and calimancoes, muslinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their capacities; I believe they had no great one of mine, and it was more

than once whispered in my hearing, that "your Londoners know nothing out of the sound of Bow bells."

In this uncomfortable situation I remained for nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowness of my spirits and the indolence of my habit: and I know not what might have been the consequence, if I had not, at length, taken the resolution to revisit society again. I am now most happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very house, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, for ever. I trust I am now cured of a passion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances listening to the representations which once deceived me, I am desirous by your insertion of this letter, to warn them against the error. Few men of any description are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it salutary. Men of mere business are the least of all so. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all disqualifications of an insuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honest advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange bustle for idleness, without the power to render idleness harmless, is a desperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain in the highest possible degree.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THE HAPPY RECLUSE.

A MORAL TALE.

IT has been the case sometimes, that mankind, disgusted with the baseness of their fellow-creatures have sequestered themselves from all human society, and sought for that happiness in hermitages and cloisters which they could find no where else. This was in a most striking manner exemplified in the life of Mercator, who having experienced the vicissitudes of human life, retired, with an only daughter into the more desert part of America. He was originally possessed of immence property abroad, but by a series of untoward circumstances reduced to a degree of penury. Having lived in splendor at the west end of the metropolis, he was very much caressed by the nobility. His company was sought to, in a particular manner by the mercantile part of the world.—The funds were always obsequious to his wishes, and the return of his ships ensured success—Speculation was in no respects dangerous, as he could cover the greatest losses. The goodness of his disposition gained him the most valuable friends, who made his life very comfortable, and according to appearance there was nothing wanting to make him completely happy but an agreeable partner in life.—As his ac-

quaintance were extensive, he did not wait long before Constantia presented herself to his view—She was the daughter of a dignified character, and though not possessed of much property, she had attained every desirable virtue.—All the graces had taken possession of her mind, and she was formed to make Mercator supremely happy.

Constantia was not insensible to the solid worth of Mercator, and therefore was not influenced by the prospect of great riches in giving him her hand—A genteel settlement was made her, and the union was speedily consummated.--Their happiness was now complete; for Mercater enjoyed in his Constantia every thing that was amiable.—And he was never from her, unless business at the other end of the town required his attendance—Their attachment increased daily, and Mercater perceived with pleasure the appearance of pregnancy.

And will, says he to himself, our love be productive of a little darling, yes, my God will endow us with this blessing!

Constantia appears more lovely, if possible, in his eyes, and he takes her sometimes into the country; but the spring with all its bloom of fragrancy is far inferior to his jewel.—In fine, Mercator takes every care of her health, and seems far more attentive of it than his own.—Should, Providence, says he, take from me my Constantia, I shall be of all creatures the most miserable. In her my

happiness is indeed centered. And in the prospect of a lovely offspring—Constantia sees all the world, in her Mercator, he is present to her view when absent, and if business did not require his attendance, she would be indeed a miserable being. Mercator, though in the midst of large connections in life, does not neglect the public worship of the Supreme Being, and takes Constantia with him to his house.—They are all attention to the service of their benefactor, and will not make the appearance of Religion compensate for the want of probity and charity.—Their behaviour is in all respects uniform. Providence ever mindful of the righteous, crowns Mercator's wishes with a lovely daughter.—And he receives her with a thankful heart. Constantia is safely delivered of her child, but a remarkable weakness succeeds, attended with a fever, the mid-wife despairs of her life, and is unwilling to inform Mercator of it, but it is impossible to hide her perilous situation from his frequent inquiries. He soon perceives her danger, and is almost frantic with grief. My God, says he, art thou going to take Constantia from me? I cannot bear it, but thy will must be done. Prepare me, Oh! prepare me for the dire event. He hears, that she is dead. The intelligence at first overpowers his enfeebled frame.—He sinks under it. Is under the care of a skilful physician.—At last, the struggles of nature being overcome by the power of reason and Religion,

he harkens to the voice of his friends, and appears to recover, but it is very slow.—He inquires after his lovely infant, and informed of her welfare. Every care is taken, and she appears to be very promising. It is beyond the power of eloquence to describe the raptures felt at seeing his darling child, and if the remembrance of her dear mother did not prevent it, his happiness would now be perfected. Constantia is honourably interred.—Her tomb visited by the poor who found in her a steady friend. Her memory is indeed blessed—And it cannot soon be forgotten.—Mercator bedews his couch with tears, at the remembrance of her past virtues, and prays God to enable him to imitate her example.

T. M.

Hereford, Nov. 7, 1804.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE
Mr. GEORGE MORLAND.

THIS Artist was fond of visiting the Isle of Wight, and there is scarcely an object to be met with along the shore at the back of the island, that his pencil has not delineated. His best pictures are replete with scenes drawn from this spot. A fine rocky shore, with fishermen mending their nets, careening their boats, or sending off their fish to the neighbouring market-towns, were scenes he most

delighted in, when he attempted sea-shore pieces; and the Isle of Wight afforded abundant opportunities to gratify his taste and fancy.

A few years since he was recognized in this his constant summer excursion, at a place called Freshwater-Gate, in a low public-house known by the name of "The Cabin." A number of fishermen, a few sailors, and three or four rustics, formed the homely group: he was in the midst of them contributing his joke, and partaking of their noisy merriment, when his friend called him aside, and intreated an hour of his company. Morland, with some reluctance, withdrew from the Cabin, and on his friend's remonstrating with him the next day for keeping such company, he drew from his pocket a sketch-book, and asked where he was to find so true a picture of humble life, unless it was in such a place as that from whence his friend had withdrawn him. The sketch was a correct delineation of every thing in the Cabin tap-room, even to a countenance, a stool, a settle, or the position of a figure. This representation his memory had supplied, after leaving the house; and one of his best pictures is that very scene he then sketched—a proof that his mind was still intent on his favourite pursuit, that of nature in her homeliest attire, though his manners at the moment betrayed nothing further than eagerness to participate in the vulgar sensualities of his surrounding companions.

Within these two last years his excesses were so great, that for months he wasted his time in the company of grooms and pugilists; and then in a sober fit would return to the pencil, the vigour of which was as conspicuous as his follies and dissipation were reprehensible. About a year ago he was attacked with an apoplectic fit, and since that time there has been a lamentable falling off in his productions. Both his health and his talents have been on the decline.—Liberal and extravagant, he was seldom out of debt, and to the rude assaults of the merciless bailiff he was no stranger. Regardless of his talents, he was a short time before his death, arrested and lodged in aspunging-house, where he expired, who, with common prudence, might have lived in a palace, and have kept the first company in the land.

Several years ago, Morland, to avoid his creditors; retired from public sight, and lived very obscurely near Hackney; some of the neighbours, from his extreme privacy and other circumstances, entertained a notion that he was either a coiner or a fabricator of forged bank-notes, and which suspicion being communicated at the Bank, the Directors sent some Police Officers to search the house, and if guilt should appear, to take the offender into custody; upon their arrival they were soon observed by Morland, who, understanding them to be a bailiff and his followers come in quest of himself, immediately re-

treated into the garden, went out at a back-door, and run over the brick-fields towards Hoxton, and then to London. Mrs. Morland, trembling with surprise, opened the front-door, when the police-officers entered, and began to search the house; but upon an explanation taking place, and upon her assuring them, with unaffected simplicity, (so very evidently the natural result of truth), that they were mistaken, and likewise informing them of the cause of his flight, and on their discovering little more in the house than some very excellent unfinished pictures, which even in these men excited sentiments of admiration and respect, they said they were convinced of the mistake, and retired.—Upon communicating the result of their search to the Directors of the Bank, that they had made no discovery of Bank-notes, but that it was Morland the painter's retreat from his creditors they had chanced to discover, and an account of his flight, to avoid them, as bailiffs, the Directors of the Bank commiserated the pecuniary embarrassment of this unfortunate genius, and also on account of the trouble they had unintentionally given him, generously sent him, as a voluntary present, two Bank-notes of 20l. each.

Whilst any taste for natural truth and beautiful simplicity shall remain amongst men, the name and talents of Morland shall be distinguished as honourable to the country which formed and produced them.—Of his particu-

lar merits in imitative art, it may be observed, that he was the first (or at least, among our countrymen, by far the most eminent) of those who have given the true spirit and character of our great palladium—the British Oak—as well as the form and action of all our most familiar animals, in all their subtleties and varieties. The applause, however, that I would pay him with respect to these particulars is only expressed emphatically; for he really does not appear to have undertaken any subject that he did not treat with equal success. Among his other rare qualifications, he appears to have been thoroughly and impartially acquainted with the complexion and bias of his own genius, from his very boyhood; since, after that period, he is never found "out of his element." No sooner had he dispersed the scrawls and daubings of puerility, than, anticipating his future success, and conscious of his present powers, he retreated in silence to the free walks of nature; contemplated deeply, reasoned accurately, and practised diligently. A few years brought him back to public notice, a finished painter of English scenery, nature, sentiments, and manners; an artist, who, having sagaciously prescribed the limits of his pursuits, and affected whatever, in knowledge or in practice, was essential to the purpose of filling up those limits, had now nothing more to learn. He shrunk from no difficulty for his choice of subjects left him no difficulty to encounter. He

disdained nothing that was natural and picturesque, consistently with that decorum which he has inviolably observed in all his public works. He sometimes leaves the truth unfinished, but never violated. He affected none of those whimsies that are for ever setting amateurs by the ear about warm colouring, and cold colouring, and forcible lights, and forcible shadows, and subordinations, that, to illustrate one object, or action, would sacrifice nine-tenths of a picture in a waste of senseless obscurity. He saw none of those violent partialities in nature; and he scorned to please a depraved imagination by fantastic pretences of surpassing that which, as it is, no man can equal. His characters affect no graces nor anti-graces that do not belong to them. His light and shadows are mild, moderate, and diffusive. The whole together rests easy upon the eye and pleases a correct tast as much as it would had it surprised a vicious one more. His choice is always good, for he chose that in which there is nothing essential to reject. He never gives us too much of a thing. His piece is but a cantlet of picturesque nature, neatly cut out, and transferred into a picture-frame.

CHANGELINGS.

(From Holcroft's Travels through Holland &c.)

"IN romances, tales of children exchanged sometimes because they are ill told, and often from the capriciousness of a cloyed imagination, have rather the air of being the visionary resources of a Novelist than accidents of real life: yet such accidents in countries where children are thus generally sent to nurse are far from unfrequent. I happened in Paris to live in the house in which Mr. Adanson or Adamson had apartments, a gentleman who long had exercised the office of French consul in the East, particularly at Cairo and Tunis. Adanson had an intimate friend at Merseilles, a merchant, whose name was Remansat; concerning whom Adanson told me the following story, of the truth of which he gave me the most positive assurances.—Remonsat was the father of a large family; and it appears that at Marseilles, as at Paris, it must have been the custom to send children from home to nurse. The nurse of one of these children perceiving her end approach, and being troubled in conscience, sent for her confessor, and related to him that the child of Remonsat had died, that she had substituted her own son, and that this son had long been received as the child of Remonsat; adding, that she could not die in

peace, unless the confessor would promise to reveal the truth. Thinking it his duty so to act, the Confessor readily gave his consent, and took a proper opportunity to fulfil his promise, by imparting the painful secret to Remonsat. The good father had carefully cherished an equal affection for all his children, and as affection is nothing but the result of habitual intercourse, a repetition of kind offices, the thankfulness with which they are received, and their mutual exchange, Remonsat felt no less affection for the youth who had been imposed upon him for a son, and who had eminently performed all the duties of a son, than for his other children, and the secret remained for a time entirely with himself and the Confessor. When his death approached, whether he thought it a duty to make the truth known, or feared the indiscretion of the priest, he desired his family might be assembled round him; and as they stood by the bed-side, his memory busily retracing past pleasures, his heart aching with paternal tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears, he said to them—"My children, I am justly esteemed a happy father; you all love me, I know not which the most; you love one another; it is your happiness never to have encouraged mean jealousies, selfish wishes, or any unworthy arts for their gratification; you are a family most happily united; will there, do you think, ever be a division among you?" 'Never! never!' was the unani-

mous cry. "There is not one," continued the dying father, who has not performed to me the best and dearest duties of a child; and yet perhaps you will be astonished to hear—there is one among you who is not my child." 'Good Heavens!' "One of you is a changeling: shall I say which?" The question was no sooner uttered, than with a sudden emotion of real union, and the consanguinity of a noble enthusiasm, they enterlaced their arms in a general embrace, declared they were in heart and soul one family, would everlastingly so remain, and solemnly conjured the father never to let them know the secret. To a father, having such a family and such feelings, this was the enjoyment of an age of pleasure at the very moment of death. He might triumphantly say —Now let me die! my heart has not room for more."

MISCELLANEOUS.

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE and business (says the late Dr. Moore) contrast and give a pleasure to each other, like day and night; the constant vicissitudes of which, are far more delightful than any uninterrupted half year of either.

To pass life in the most agreeable manner, one ought to be so much a man of pleasure as to postpone any necessary business; not so much a man of business as to despise elegant

amusement. A proper mixture of both, forms a more infallible specific against *tedium* and fatigue, than a constant regimen of the most pleasant of the two.

NATURAL EXPRESSION OF THE PASSIONS.

EVERY sentiment of the mind has particular parts of the body in correspondence with it, and affected about it.

Hatred, scorn, love, suspicion, confidence, admiration, and every other passion of the mind, have particular muscles in sympathy with them, and affect the features in a particular manner. So that in remote villages, and in those countries, where the emotions of the heart are not attempted to be concealed or disguised, it is an easy matter to know the state of men's minds by looking in their faces. But in more artificial societies, in great cities, and in courts, where many are struggling for the same object, where there is an everlasting jarring of interest, where men are anxious to conceal their designs and their wishes, and dare not avow the real motives of their actions, it is difficult to judge of the feelings of the heart by what appears in their countenance; yet in the midst of all this affectation and disguise, men of experience and penetration, will often see real joy through artificial tears, genuine sadness in assumed gaiety, and

inveterate hatred, lurking under all the officious smiling display of kindness.

Art cannot long carry on a successful war with nature; men cannot be on their guard or keep their features in everlasting constraint, the genuine passion, will occasionally shew itself in the countenance, by the sympathizing muscles; the hypocrite is at that instant detected, and all his future grimaces are in vain.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

VERY early in life, (says a modern author,) I resided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or six of my countrymen to view the pictures in the Palais Royal. A gentleman, who affected an enthusiastic passion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greatest desire to be thought a connoisseur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the *Voyage Pictoresque de Paris* by art. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to display all the refinement of his art. He shook his head at some pictures, tossed up his nose at others; commended a few, and pronounced sentence on every piece as he passed along.

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taste stopped short in an extacy of admiration.---One of the

company had already passed it without minding it, and was looking at another picture. on which the connoisseur bawled out---"Good God, Sir! what are you about?" The honest gentleman started, and stared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

"Have you eyes in your head, Sir? continued the connoisseur: "Don't you know St. John when you see him?"

"St. John!" replied the other in amazement, "Aye, Sir; St. John the Baptist, in propria persona."

"I don't know what you mean, Sir," said the gentleman, peevishly.

"Don't you?" rejoined the connoisseur; then "I'll endeavour to explain myself. I mean "St. John in the Wilderness, by the divine Ra-"faelle Sanzio da Urbino, and here it stands "by your side.---Pray, my dear Sir, will you "be so obliging as to bestow a little of your "attention on that foot? Does it not start "from the wall? Is it not perfectly out of the "frame? Did you ever see such colouring? "They talk of Titian; can Titian's colouring "excel that? What truth, what nature in "the head! To the elegance of the antique, "he has joined the simplicity of nature."

We stood listening in silent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he had enumerated: when a person in the Duke of Orleans' service, came and informed us, that the original, which he presumed was the picture we wished to see, was in

another room; the Duke having allowed a painter to copy it. That which we had been looking at, was a very wretched daubing done from the original by some obscure painter, and had been thrown, with the other rubbish, into a corner, where the Swiss had accidentally discovered it, and hung it up merely by way of covering the vacant space on the wall, till the other should be replaced.

How the connoisseur looked on this trying occasion, I cannot say. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him. I fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not safe, in this science, to speak even from the book.

POLITICAL CONVULSIONS.

It has been observed, that great occasions, and hazardous situations, have a tendency to create and develope talents; and of course that times of revolution, and important struggles of states, are the most productive of *great men*. It is asserted by some, however, that the French Revolution forms a contradiction to the general observation, inasmuch as, although it has occasioned a long and severe struggle, and given rise to very great crimes, it has not produced one man who can be with propriety called *great*, even al-

lowing that wickedness did not preclude from the title.

Without entering into that discussion, it must be acknowledged that, if the French revolution has not given rise to any *great men*, it has had an effect more extraordinary, and unexpected; having entirely overset, and annihilated the *greatness* of more men than any revolution ever did. To enumerate instances would be equally superfluous and invidious.

HEROIC BENEVOLENCE.

PRINCE Leopold, nephew of Frederick the Great, and brother to the present reigning Duke of Brunswick, in the spring of the year 1785, being witness to a devastation occasioned by the overflowing of a river, unmoved by the entreaties of those who endeavoured to dissuade him from so hazardous an enterprize embarked in a small boat, with three watermen, to relieve the inhabitants of a village surrounded by the waters. But before he reached them the boat was drove with violence against a tree, and overset; the three boatmen were saved. This amiable prince alone, being carried down with the impetuosity of the current, perished in the sight of those he attempted to preserve, displaying in his death an heroic instance of that benevolence, which had appeared conspicuous through the whole of his life.

THE GERMAN PRINCES

ARE minute observers of form. The same establishment for their household, the same officers in the palace, are to be found here, as in the court of the most powerful monarch in Europe. The difference lies more in the salaries, than in the talents requisite for these places; one pay-master for the forces, has greater emoluments in England, than a grand marshal; a grand chamberlane, two secretaries of the state, and half-a-dozen more of the chief officers of a German court, all taken together.

The sovereign princes in Germany, have an unlimited power over their people; and may sell the persons of their subjects, or employ them in any other way they think proper: If you ask the question in direct terms, of a German, he will answer in the negative, and will talk of certain rights which the subjects enjoy, and that they can appeal to the great council, or general diet of the Empire, for relief. But after all his ingenuity and distinctions, you find the barriers which protect the peasant from the power of the prince, are so weak, that they are hardly worth keeping up and that the only security the peasant has for his person and property, must proceed from the moderation, good sense, and justice of his sovereign.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches---none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

AN operatical farce (as it was stiled,) in two acts, called Matrimony, was performed here for the first time, Tuesday, Nov. 20, taken from the French, by Mr. Kenney, author of Raising the Wind.

CHARACTERS.

Baron de Lemburg. .... Mr. Dowton.
Delaval..... ....Mr. Elleston.
O'Clogerly ....Mr. Johnstone.
Clara.... .... Mrs. Jordan.
Lesetta..... ....Miss Bland.

A married couple, Delaval and Clara, having become tired of each other, the wife's uncle, a cabinet-minister, who has been importuned by both, to procure them a separation, contrives to have them both confined in a mock prison, in hopes of curing them of their perverseness of disposition. They are accordingly arrested separately and confined in Baron de Lemburg's castle, a friend of the uncle, who, in order to carry on the project, dresses his servants as sentinels, and makes his Irish domestic the gaoler. The married couple on

their first meeting begin to reproach each other as usual, but by degrees, feeling their gloomy situation, they begin to court each others' company, and finally relapse into all the ardor of their first affection.

Being detected together embracing, they are separated. Clara then importunes the supposed goaler to deliver a note from her to her husband. Delaval endeavours to bribe his secrecy, and if possible escape with his wife, During the attempt an alarm is given—they are surprised by the governor, when an offer of freedom is made to the first who will sign a deed of separation: this they both refuse—the deed is torn and the project confessed.

Mr. Kenney has unfortunately adhered too closely to the original.—The piece, though it possesses merit, is tedious and frequently uninteresting —it has no claim to the title of farce, which consists of broad humour, and whimsical characters and situations.

Mr. Johnstone's character is only an Irishman by name; Mr. Collins, and Mr. Bannister or any other comedian might have been its representative. The denouement likewise is unskilfully managed — half of the people left the house before the piece was finished—The unities are strictly observed—but this never recommends a farce to an English audience; and in a story where probability is most grosly violated, it is not necessary to adhere to place and time, Mr. Dowton's letter in the first scene is too long by half.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1804

SONNET TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEETEST of flowers! lovely to adore!
My heart for thee each hour doth burn;
A victim humbly at thy feet implore
To catch the glory shed from ev'ry turn.

At eve, while strolling by some limpid stream,
When Cynthia silvers o'er the plain
Thy matchless beauty to the wind's my theme,
Which I so long have woo'd in vain!

Ah, why fair Susan can'st thou treat me so—
Can tears nor sighs thy pity move?
Wilt thou give sentence to desponding woe,
And cease to feel what love can prove?

Oh no! kind Pity rules in power
To save ere fades the dying flower!

SONNET

TO THE HON. THOMAS ERSKINE.

BY T. S. COLERIDGE.

WHEN British freedom for a distant land,
Spreads her broad wings that flutter'd with affright,
ERSKINE, thy voice she heard, and paus'd her flight.
Sublime of hope! for dreadless thou didst stand,
(Thy censer glowing with the hallow'd flame)
An hireless priest before th' insulted shrine,
And at the altar pour'd'st the stream divine
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heav'n-ward breath'd. And when the doom
Of Nature bids thee rise beyond the tomb,
Thy light shall shine; as sunk beneath the west,
Tho' the great summer-sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide heaven with his distended blaze.

— ——

WHAT IS LOVE?

'TIS that delightful transport we can feel,
Which painters cannot paint, or words reveal,
Nor any art we know of—can conceal.

Can'st thou describe the sun-beams to the blind,
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?
So neither can we by description show,
This first of all felicities below.

When happy love pours magic o'er the soul,
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll;
When contemplation spreads its rainbow-wings,
And every flutter some new rapture brings.

How sweetly then our moments glide away,
And dreams repeat the raptures of the day;
We live in extacy to all things kind,
For love can teach a moral to the mind.

ON HEARING A DISCOURSE FROM THE FOLLOWING WORDS:

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

IN days of yore, some distant time,
Such might have been a heinous crime:
But he who says so now, must fudge it,
Thanks to the drains of loan and budget,
By which this vice dissolves in vapour,
And proves at worst but—love of paper!

SCRIP.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE UNFORTUNATE RICHARD SAVAGE.

CLOS'D are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire,
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire:
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.

Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth;
Persuasive reason and endearing truth;
Could honor, shewn in friendships most refin'd,
And sense that shields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The social temper never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life;
Could these have e'er the darts of death defy'd,
Never, ah! never, had Melinda dy'd:
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortalized by friendship, love, and fame.

THE CHILD OF MISFORTUNE.

AH! look on this visage, dejected and pale,
And mark ye the glare of these grief-speaking eyes,
Whilst the child of distress shall now tell his sad tale,
Ah! check not the tear-drops of pity which rise!

For dearer by far to the sad child of woe
Is the heart-springing tear soft Humanity sheds,
Than maxims the cold sons of Prudence bestow,
When the dark cloud of care life's horizon o'erspreads.

In the morning of life all untutor'd I trod
Too thoughtless, the flower-checker'd fields of delight,
Nor dreamt that if struck by Adversity's rod,
I should shrink from her terrible blow with affright:

For no heart-rending guilt this sad bosom e'er knew
Or vengefully cherish'd resentment's fierce glow,
At the call of distress swift to aid it I flew,
Nor ask if it came from a friend or a foe.

The riches and power which Providence gave,
I regarded as sent me in trust for mankind,
My foes I have sav'd from the brink of the grave,
And left each revengeful emotion behind :

By hope now deceiv'd, and o'erwhelm'd with dismay,
Poor, friendless, diseas'd, and neglected I sigh,
Each eve when to GOD I my orisons pay,
The wish next my sorrowful heart is to die!

GOD bless thee, kind stranger! that tear-drop of thine
The child of misfortune shall ever hold dear,
May thy soul ever know the woes which are mine,
Or shrink when the howl of the tempest you hear;

And as thro' the mazes of fancy you rove,
When gently reposing on pleasure's soft bed,
Still kind be the heart of the fair one you love,
And soft be that bosom which pillows thy head!

PHAON.

AN ADDRESS

ON THE

Present Political State of Europe.

WHILE now fell Discord's brand aloft is hurl'd,
And ruthless frenzy desolates the world;
While Terror, plum'd on Usurpation's throne,
Makes kings, degenerate, crouch upon their own;
While Murder, Treachery, with Pow'r unite,
Aid Rapine's course, and trample upon Right,—
Order o'erwhelm, and hurry back amain
The nations round to barbarism again;—

Britain, by Justice' sacred call inspir'd,
And native hate of foul Oppression fir'd;
Her sons, leagu'd, martial'd, in one righteous cause,
Their King, their Altars, Liberties and Laws;
Stands singly forward, with undaunted mind,
The friend, the champion of enslav'd mankind:
And while amid the hostile loud alarms,
Serenely brave, she grasps her patriot arms,
Sees round her shores the threat'ning swarms advance,
And waits, on English ground, to quell fierce France;
On English ground renew her ancient fame,
Cressy's proud field, and Poictier's deathless name;
Commerce, aloof, her ample sails outspread,
By Freedom wafted, and by Valour lead,
Wide as the Solar range, or Ocean's bound,
Deals Science, Truth, and Happiness around.
O Britain! may thy hallow'd toils succeed,
Europe by thee from Tyranny be freed,
Belgium once more revere her rightful Lord,
Helvetia feel her halcyon days restor'd,
Latium, unnerv'd by indolence and crimes,
Arouse, and emulate her elder times;
All firm advance, and to the world make known,
That Britain's gen'rous cause is but their own.

IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING YOUNG ROSCIUS PLAY AT BIRMINGHAM.

KEMBLE's laurels young Betty has sworn to crop,
And Cooke's well-earn'd fame to demolish;
But before he exhibits in Harris's shop,
He's to Birmingham come for a polish.

ANOTHER.

AT Betty astonish'd the folks eager gaz'd,
'Twas wonderful, still they kept saying:
For my part, I own I was not much amaz'd
At seeing a little boy playing.

ADMIRAL LINOIS' VISIT TO CAPTAIN DANCE.

LINOIS, that brave chief, with his powerful fleet,
Did chance near Malacca the Britons to meet;
And acting the part of a social friend,
Resolv'd with our seamen one morning to spend,
He boldly attacked them, expecting ere long,
To partake of a dish of their finest souchong:
But the Britons, resolv'd to be gen'rous and free,
Pour'd out most profusely their gunpowder tea.
While betwixt our brave tars and their neighbors of France,
The ball went on briskly, and bravely the Dance;
When the French, apprehensive our sons of renown,
Might compel them to dance to down, down, derry down,
Which, as they with action were wearied before,
Cou'd they tend but to sink and depress 'em the more:
Right wisely concluded nought worse could befal,
So taking French leave fled from Dance and from Ball.

A SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTION.

TURN, soft musing wanderer, hither thine eye,
A flower once blooming lies here;
The breeze that pass'd o'er it was nought but a sigh,
Its humidity—gain'd from a tear.

In the morning of life, ah! a cankering gloom
O'er its bosom tenaciously spread;
It shrunk at the grasp of its ruinous doom,
And bow'd to the dust its fair head.

No insensate production of nature lies here,
The flower but emblems a heart,
Whose afflictions shall long claim the sigh and the tear
Of regret—it so soon should depart.

THE POOR NEGRO SADI,

A FRAGMENT.

AH! poor Negro Sadi, what sorrow, what anguish,
Oppress the lone victim fate dooms for a slave;
What eye, or what heart, o'er those sorrows shall languish,
What finger point out the lone African's grave?

First torn like a wretch from his innocent dwelling,
And torn from Aboaka, the wife of his soul;
Then forc'd, while his heart is indignantly swelling,
To bow his proud neck to the despot's control.

Think not, European, tho' dark his complexion,
Dark, dark, is the hue of the African's fate,
That his mind is devoid of the light of reflection,
And knows not distinctions of love or of hate.

And believe, when you see him in agony bending
Beneath the vile lash, if he fainting should pause,
That pure are to heav'n his sorrows ascending,
And dear shall you pay for the torture you cause.

Mark! mark! the red blood, that so eloquent streaming,
Appeals to the Godhead thou say'st is thine!
Mark! mark! the sunk eye, that on heaven is beaming;
It calls—deep revenge on oppression and crime.

SONNET TO HOPE.

OH, ever skilled to wear the form we love!
To bid the shades of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say, that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.

But some not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye!
Oh strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.

Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

Literary Review.

The Geographical Guide; a Poetical Nautical Trip round the Island of Great Britain; with entertaining and illustrative notes in prose; descriptive of its principal Ports, Havens, Rivers, Creeks and Inlets, Cities, Towns, Ports, and Mountains, &c. With a particular description of the general appearance of the Country, as viewed from the sea. Harris.

AMONG the variety of juvenile publications which are now extant, for the improvement of youth, we do not recollect to have perused one which contains a greater degree of interest, or is better calculated for the particular purpose for which it is designed than the little work now before us; geography is an entertaining and interesting subject, and is consequently considered a necessary branch of education;—the mode here adopted, to impress the youthful mind with a correct and general idea of the country in which they live is perfectly novel, and will in our opinion prove a most successful method of accomplishing the desired purpose.

The work is illustrated with several very neat and correct engravings on wood, of the

various distinguished buildings, &c. which are to be seen in an aquatic tour round the island.

Letters on the Modern History and Political Aspect of Europe; exhibiting the nature, causes, and probable consequences of the grand contest between Great Britain and France, and the political circumstances of the different nations which compose the European system, with an investigation of the political and commercial importance of Egypt, and the consequences that might result from the Annexation of that Country to the dominions of France. By John Bigland. Longman, Hurst, and Co.

THE subjects of this volume are sufficiently enumerated in the title-page, and though *pregnant* title-pages may be frequently found to *barren* works, yet the present undertaking is executed in such a manner as fully corresponds with the author's prefatory promises. In 16 letters the political system of Europe is considered in three distinct points of view, as implicated in the vortices, and connected with the interests of the three predominating powers---Great Britain, France, and Russia. A review of Egypt is also introduced as an important object in the view of European objects, particularly on account of the late manifest design of France to annex that country to her dominions. In considering this place, the author has concisely given the various descriptions of many intelligent travel-

lers, whose real or apparent contradictions are herein examined and compared, and the information selected from their different accounts, exhibited in a concentrated point of view. The historical and geographical illustrations occasionally introduced, are certainly necessary to those who are unacquainted with those sciences, and must also be entertaining to those who are therein conversant. In short, much information may be derived from this volume. The author's style is easy and elegant, and brevity, which should always be practised in epistolary writing, is particularly attended to without leaving curiosity unsatisfied.—We heartily wish him the same success in the present instance, which we understand has attended his former literary labours.

Letters from the year 1774 *to the year* 1790 *of John Willkes Esq. addressed to his daughter the late Miss Wilkes, with a collection of his Miscellaneous Poems to which is prefixed a memoir of the life of Mr. Wilkes. In* 4 *Volumes.*

THE present collection begins with a few scattered letters, written in the years 1774 and 1775, and then continues in a regular succession to as late a period as 1796. It is stated that the possession of the letters, &c. which form these volumes, is not derived from Mr. Wilkes's surviving daughter (now the wife of a gentleman at the bar), and that of the cor-

respondence of her father with herself, said to be amongst the papers in Mr. Almon's publication she's wholly ignorant. As she heard however, that Mr. Almon is utterly incapable of giving to the public other than genuine letters, she has not felt herself called upon to inquire about them. These Volumes form a valuable addition to those of Mr. Almon, and must certainly be highly acceptable to all those to whom the character and writings of Mr. Wilkes are still objects of curiosity. At the end of the first volume are a few miscellaneous Poems, some of which, we are told, never before appeared in print.

The Lounger's Common place Book, or Miscellaneous Collections in History, Criticism, Biography, Poetry, and Romance. The third edition. In three Volumes.

THE intention of this common-place book, as set forth in the preface, is "To catch ere it perish the trifle of the minute; to give short sketches of men and things, which though beneath the dignity of a biographer, deserve to be recorded; to select from the scenes before us, whatever appeared curious, amusing or applicable, to the purposes of human life; *to make a book*, which might be perused without injury to morals or taste," and such is the collection, that we think the compiler has industriously performed his task.

The present edition is far superior to the former, and if the loungers of the day would

devote a small portion of their time to these volumes they would certainly find more real entertainment than in loitering about *Bond-street*, or killing an hour in a tavern.

Harmony of Ancient and Modern Languages. By William Mitford, Esq. Second Edition, with Improvements.

IT has been a great question among the learned, whether we are indebted for language to inspiration, or to the discoveries of gradual improvement. It is an enquiry worth attention. Certain it is, that the construction of every tongue savors much of refinement. The work before us, therefore, pleasingly traces the progress of language, both among the Greeks and Romans, as well as amongst the modern nations of the earth. The scholar will read this laborious investigation with pleasure—and it is impossible not to peruse the publication without improvement. Such treatises are always acceptable to the republic of letters.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

THE sudden outrage upon the person of Sir George Rumbold in a neutral territory, the seizure of his papers, the pillage of his house, and his late captivity, while discharging the functions of a foreign minister, have been subjects of very serious consideration. Sir George Rumbold had, it seems, been accused by the French, and even somewhat suspected by the Senate of Hamburgh itself, of residing in that state with a view to enlist Hanoverian troops in the service of the British government. Nothing, however, can vindicate the violation of a neutral state, and the seizure of a privileged person. The mystery has since been encreased by the sudden liberation and re-appearance of Sir George Rumbold, concerning whose release there are various conjectures.

The reconciliation of his Majesty with the Prince of Wales, has afforded universal satisfaction. To those great and amiable characters who interposed to restore the son to the father and the father to the son, the public owe their warmest thanks.

The meeting of parliament is deferred till January the 17th.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

1. A MELANCHOLY accident occurred in Newington Church-yard, Surry. Rickets, the sexton, had been employed digging a grave for the remains of a lady in the Kent-road, and the coffin was entering the church-yard, preceded by the minister and mourners, when the whole mass of earth on each side the grave fell in, and covered the unfortunate digger in a depth of six feet, just as he was getting out with his pick-axe and shovel. Within five minutes after the dreadful accident, a number of people ran to afford assistance, and began to remove the earth; their endeavours were, however, much retarded by the concourse of spectators who rushed to the spot, and near an hour expired before they discovered the body; which being taken out, several professional gentlemen endeavoured to restore him to animation, but every effort proved ineffectual. He was carried away lifeless on a shutter, amidst the disconsolate cries of a wife and five children, who were the melancholy witnesses of the distressing scene. The poor man bore an excellent character.

2. About six o'clock in the evening, a soldier, belonging to the 3d regiment of guards, named Davis, who was on duty in St. James's Park, between the Horse Guards and the back of the Admiralty, was observed by a

person who passed to pull off his gaiter and shoe, and attempt to put the muzzle of his musket into his mouth, but being a short man he was not able to reach it; he then stept into his sentry-box, which stands about six inches from the ground, and put the muzzle in his mouth, and contrived to fire it by putting his toe upon the trigger. The ball passed through his head, which was literally blown to pieces, except a little of the back part. It is supposed he had double-charged his musket, as two half-cartridges were missing from his pouch. No cause can be assigned for this rash act. A short time before he went on duty he was in company with several of his comrades, and appeared in high spirits. He was a very steady man, and much respected in the regiment.

4. As the late Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, accompanied by a lady and gentleman, were returning to town from Hampton Wick, in his lordship's post-coach and four, the postillion drove out of the road over a bank, near the Thames, and entirely upset the carriage. The ladies were with difficulty taken out, much bruised. The gentlemen escaped unhurt.

5. About one a'clock in the afternoon, a sharper of a venerable appearance, with grey hairs, accosted a country farmer, in Holborn, and addressing him very familiarly as a townsman of his, soon persuaded him that he not only was so, but was well acquainted with all

his neighbours. As it was too cold to talk in the streets, they retired to a public-house, in Bream's-Buildings, Fetter-Lane, where, after a little conversation, a second sharper came in, who, it was stated, was an old gentleman troubled with fits, but fond of sporting his money, of which he had plenty. The first sharper and the farmer agreed to be partners, as they were sure to win: and another sharper, who by this time dropped in, was partner with the old gentleman troubled with fits. At length the old farmer's stock of 70l. was produced, and was taken up by his partner to stake for the bet; but he being taken suddenly ill, was obliged to go into the air with the money in his hand: thither the others, one by one, followed him, and marched off, leaving the poor credulous man to lament the loss occasioned by his own folly.

16. The coroner's inquest sat on the body of an eminent solicitor, who had shot himself at his house, near the general post-office. About six o'clock on Thursday evening, the 15th inst. this unfortunate gentleman suddenly left the office, and went to a water-closet up stairs, when he discharged a pistol in his mouth, and the two balls with which it was loaded, passed through the occiput; the consequence was instant death. He was discovered in a sitting posture, with his head reclined against the wall, without any signs of life, and on a further investigation the wound was observed, and the fatal instrument which

gave it. It appeared from the evidence, that about a year ago, he had a very violent fit of the gout, since which time he frequently appeared not perfectly collected in the exercise of his faculties; his habits of industry induced him frequently to continue at business till the stupefaction under which he laboured, rendered him incompetent to the duties of his profession. The family apothecary confirmed the evidence, given in regard to the infirmity of the deceased from the effects of the gout, and said, it not uncommonly affected his head; it is probable, therefore, that it was in a paroxism of this kind he had committed the deed which terminated his existence.—The jury brought in their verdict—Lunacy.

22. —— Gell, Esq. held an inquest at a public-house, opposite the workhouse, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, on a view of the body of Anne Sowerby, who was taken out of the bason, in the Green Park, on Tuesday. She was the wife of Mr. Sowerby, a reputable pawnbroker, of Cannon-row, Whitechapel, and has left three children to lament the fate of their unhappy parent. On Tuesday morning, 20th inst. she left her home, after some previous misunderstanding with her family, and, between twelve and one o'clock, was observed to throw herself into the deepest part of the Queen's Bason, in the Green Park. Baron Rubeck, standing at his window the corner of Clarges-street, Piccadilly, seeing the act, directed his servants to

assist the deceased, and they accordingly rushed into the park, where, with the assistance of a man and his wife, who were walking by the bason, they dragged her out, without the least appearance of life. On conveying her to the York Arms, public-house, in Clarges-street, several professional gentlemen resorted to the means used for restoring the deceased to life, and succeeded in bringing her to animation and speech, when, tragical to relate, after expressing a desire to see her mother and children, she informed them she had drank the contents of a phial filled with vitriol, or aquafortis, previous to throwing herself into the water, and that she could not live! The event justified her prediction; she was removed to the workhouse, in Mount-street, and expired late the same evening. The pocket-book of the deceased being examined, proved a directory to her family, and her husband, sister, and children, arrived time enough to see her before she died; but her mother, almost frantic with grief, came too late, and a scene of distress prevailed among the disconsolate relations better conceived than described. The jury were induced to impute the tragical death of this unfortunate woman to lunacy.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS
FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

LAW Kemp, Mile-end, Vintner. James Sutherland, York-street, St. Mary-le-bone, painter and glazier. Andrew Barry, Vere-street, Oxford-street, Upholsterer. Robert Hendrie, Blossom street, Spitalfields, Silk-dyer. Anthony Olivar, Kirklington, York, innholder. John Messenger, Lassel-hall, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, Clothier. John Wamsly, Coventry, Carrier. James Taylor, Middle-row, Holborn, Cutler. John Clare, Jermyn street, Victualler. Michael M'Dermon, Princes street, Westminster, Victualler. Benjamin Hugman, Battersea fields, Tanner. William Packer, Chamber's street, Goodman's fields. Tailor. Henry Gardner, St. John street, Clerkenwell, Brewer. R. Bender, Holloway, Middlesex, Merchant. Thomas Joseph Collis, Clapham-road, Coach-maker. Robert Twisden Williams, Parish of St. George, Middlesex, Dealer. Ebenezer Eaton, Lamb-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, painter and glazier. Robert Jeffery, late of William street Black-friar's road, Surrey, Shopkeeper. John Sizer, Manningtree, Essex, Shopkeeper. James Piper, Birmingham, innholder. Thomas Orpwood, Fleet street, Tailor. John Jowett, Manchester, Manufacturer. John Webb, Homerton, Middlesex, wine merchant. Joseph Poole, Oldham, Lancaster, Cotton-spinner. Joseph Halton, of Stockport, in the county of Kent, Cotton-spinner. James Newton, Oldham, Lancashire, Innkeeper. James Willis and Charles Hobbs, Whitechapel road, distillers. John Thornton, Leeds, Innholder. Thomas Matthews Bristol, Bookseller. Edward Taylor and James Taylor, of Clapham, Surrey, Builders. Edmund

Williams, late of Salford, Lancashire, Timber-merchant. Benjamin Abraham Symons the younger, Billiter lane, merchant. Isaac Gale, Basinghall street, Factor. David de Beaune, Great-Winchester street Insurance-Broker. Isaac Rowe, Mile end Green, Mariner. Joseph Wilson, St. George's fields, Umbrella Maker. Hugh Lloyd, Middle Temple-lane, Money Scrivener. Samual Roby and Edward Roby, Wood street, Cheapside, Hosiers. Thomas Oldfield, of Bolton le Moors, Innkeeper. Edward Sims, Dursley, Gloucestershire, common Brewer. Samuel Haward the younger, Halesworth, Suffolk, Grocer. Edward Rossiter, Frome Selwood Somersetshire, Clothier. William Hawkesworth, Strand, Linen draper. George Cole, Woodbridge, suffolk, Butcher. Thomas Vernon, sedgley, Stafford, Ironmaster. John Randolph Meecham, Birmingham, Money-scrivener. Thomas Brown the younger, Mile end, Rickmansworh, Hertford, Tanner. John Bowmer, Bramton Lincoln, Tanner. William Burnand, Manchester, Lancaster, Fruiterer. William Dentisily, Plymouth Devon, Tallow-chandler. John Champion, Edgebaston, Warwick, Wine manufacturer. Alice Buxton, Manchester, machine maker. George Bagshaw Brown, Newport, Salop, Plumber. Matthew Lewtas the younger, Liverpool, Merchant. Joseph Wood, Audenshaw, Lancaster, Cotton-spinner. R. Watkins, Strand, Haberdasher. W. Batson, Oxford, Glass and chinaman, Wm. Bunning, Stamford, Linen draper. Henry Welch, Stroud, Kent, House carpenter. Joseph Hodgson, Haxey, Lincolnshire, Tailor. Richard Davis, Castle street, Long Acre, Broker. James Hawkins, sen. Rotherhithe Wall, Boat Builder. Joseph Sewell, Manchester, Joiner. John Barrett, Northumberland street, Strand, Victualler. George Lindsey, Bermondsey, New Road, Tanner. Luke Hull, Wharton, Warwickshire, Jobber.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED.

On the 4th of November, at the parish church of Buttermere, Mary, of Buttermere, to a young farmer of the vale of Keswick.

On Wednesday, at Mary-le-bone church, the Hon. Herbert Gardner, son of the Right Hon. Admiral Lord Gardner, to Miss Cornwall, youngest daughter of the late John Cornwall, Esq. of Hendon House, Middlesex.

At her house in Hinde-street, Manchester-square, Lady Fleetwood, widow of the late Sir Thomas Fleetwood, Bart. to his Excellency Coun- St. Martin de Front, many years ambassador from Sardinia to this court. The ceremony was performed by a clergyman of the catholic church, a dispensation having been previously obtained from the Bishop of London. There was a superb dinner given on the occasion. Her Ladyship's dress was uncommonly elegant.

DIED.

On the 28th Sept. at Ipswich, after a long illness, the Right Hon. John How, Baron of Chedworth, in Gloucestershire; he was born August 23, 1754, and succeeded to his uncle Frederick-Henry, October 6, 1781, being the son of a younger brother, and designed for the profession of the law; he was educated at Winchester school, and at Oxford.

His lordship, with abundance of great and good qualities, uncommon learning and abilities, had some foibles, amongst which may be reckoned his sloven-

liness of person, his avoiding the company of men of equal rank and situation with himself, and a perpetual dangling after some fine woman, without any criminal intention; but which sometimes, without reason, endangered the lady's character: to some of these he may have made amends by legacies.

A gentleman, who from his great intimacy with his lordship, and from rendering him very particular services in the early part of his life, was expected to stand foremost in the rank of legacies, had displeased him, by having too frequently, and perhaps too freely, represented the impropriety of his neglect of dress, and not associating more with people in higher rank of life. His lordship was very fond of the sport at Newmarket, and an excellent judge of the turf, but, though a member of the rooms and Jockey Club, he never mixed with them at table, but generally dined and lived by himself in a very retired and obscure manner.

It is perfectly known that the late lord was in habits and manners extremely retired. Of a constitution naturally infirm and nervous, he avoided crowds, and his taste for the drama led him to the theatre as his only amusement. He chiefly associated with persons belonging to the theatres, and this accounts for the numerous legacies he has left to them. On the occasion of the very unfortunate affair at Epsom, which was the source of his dejection through life, he complained of being deserted by those relatives whose duty he thought it was to have come forward in support of his character, and this perhaps accounts for the alienation of his great property. His estates are very large and free from incumbrances. Mr. Wilson, his steward and solicitor, lately obtained for him an account from his former steward and receiver, which had been unset-

tled for twenty years, and by which a very large sum was brought forth. The residuary legatee, Mr. Penrice, who is a very able professional man, at Yarmouth, and who stood forth in defence of his lordship on the trying occasion to which we have alluded, will in all probability come to the enjoyment of from 100 to 200,000l.

It appears, however, that the legatees under the will, will not receive the benefit of his lordship's liberal bequest so soon as they expected. The kin are extremely dissatisfied with his lordship's disposition of his property, and mean to contest the will. A caveat has already been entered in the prerogative court at Doctors' Commons to stay the grant of the probate to the executors; and as it is to be thoroughly litigated, there will be a consistory to decide upon it.

Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart. on the 15th instant, at his seat in Derbyshire, in the 81st year of his age, universally lamented, on account of his many amiable qualities. This gentleman was married to Miss Coke, eldest daughter of Wenman Coke, Esq. of Longford, Derbyshire, by whom he has left a numerous family. Sir Henry, the first baronet, testified his loyalty, by lending to King Charles I. a considerable sum of money, in his most pressing necessities, even at a time when there was little probability of ever being repaid. But his support of the royal cause stopped not here, for he (at his own expence) levied and accoutred a troop of horse, in the regiment of Colonel Frechevile (afterwards Lord Frechevile), whereof he himself was lieutenant-colonel; and this young hero, not then twenty-two years of age, at the battle of Edgehill, so signalized himself, that King Charles knighted him in the field of battle, and soon afterwards created him a baronet. Not long after, making an attempt

upon the enemy near Bestwood Park, in Nottinghamshire, in a skirmish with some of the adverse party, in ambush, he received a cut with a sword in his elbow, which so disabled his right hand, that it hung useless in a scarf to his dying day; and, for his loyalty to his sovereign, he was fined 1458l. by the sequestrators. The late baronet is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Sir Thomas Windsor Hunloke.

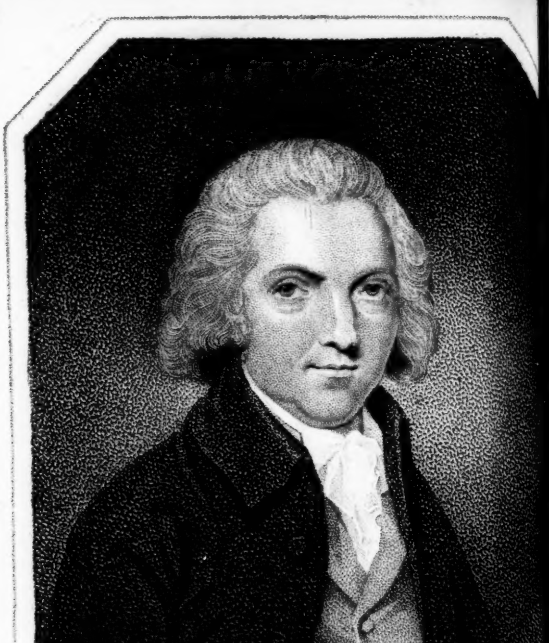
On Tuesday, the 13th instant, at Chippenham, Bucks, Jacob Bryant, aged 89, deeply regretted by all who knew him. His death was in consequence of a wound on his shin, occasioned by his foot slipping from a chair, which he had stepped on to reach a book in his library; thus did he die as he had lived, in search of knowledge.

On Wednesday, the 14th inst. after a lingering illness, Paget Bayley, Esq. a captain in the royal navy, and brother to the Earl of Uxbridge.

Suddenly, Mr. Harrison; of the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. He rose, at his house, near Brompton, apparently in good health; having given some directions to his servants, preparatory to going to town, he went into the garden, where in half an hour he was found dead.

CORRESPONDENTS.

The Question put to us relative to the late Royal Reconciliation, is too sublime for us to answer.



WILL.M RICHARDSON. M. A. F. R. S

Professor of Humanity in th

University of Glasgow